MAINE FARMER.

AGRICULTURE — MECHANIC ARTS — GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

VOL. XV. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1847. NO. 48.

MAINE FARMER.

'Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.'

ICE HOUSES.

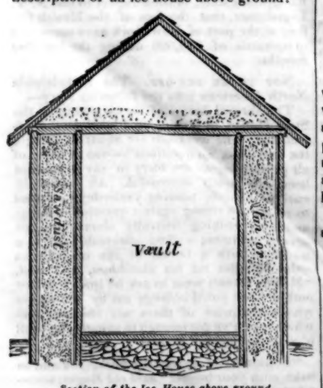
Winter is at hand, and during that season the most of our houses in Maine are, or can in a few minutes be made, ice houses. Such is the abundance of ice among us during the inclement season, that few think of saving it for future use, being glad to get rid of it, and rejoicing to see it melting into a liquid state once more. It may be very easily preserved, however, and forms a most grateful luxury in the summer, when the "dog star rages", and old Sol looks down warm and jovial upon the sweltering earth. It was formerly thought that it was necessary that an ice house should be made under ground, as far out of the way of the "upper regions" as possible. This is not necessary. If properly built, you may as well have your ice house high and dry above ground; and many think that it is better in such a situation than in the earth, because of the warmth of the earth. Some years ago, when ice used to be harvested from the Kennebec, for exportation, there was a large ice house on Gardiner's wharf, in Gardiner, where was annually stored several cargoes of it, and where it kept perfectly well from year to year.

A very good article on the subject was published in the last Albany Cultivator, which, by the politeness of Mr. Tucker, who has obligingy allowed us to use the cut illustrating the plan, we are enabled to lay before our readers, and hope that many of them will avail themselves of the hint, and furnish themselves conveniences for keeping a little *solid winter water*, through the summer. Independent of its being a comfortable luxury, cheaply obtained, it is very useful in many operations of the dairy, preserving meats, &c. &c. If it would not be convenient to build a small house entirely for the purpose, a corner of the barn, shed, some out-house, or cellar, might be parted off and prepared as directed in the following manner.

The Cultivator says that "few persons who have ever known the advantages which ice affords during the warm season, would be willing to forego the use of the article. It was formerly regarded as a luxury which the rich only could enjoy, but, fortunately, it is now afforded at so cheap a rate as to be within the reach of all. In cities it may readily be obtained from those who make a business of storing it for sale, and in the country each one may secure his own supply at a cheap rate. Every farmer, unless he has extraordinary advantages in regard to cold spring water, and an airy, cold cellar, should have an ice house. A reservoir formed by damning a small stream, such as almost every farm affords, will yield as much ice as will be wanted for the supply of a family. In general, however, there are ponds or streams within a few miles from which an abundant supply can be obtained.

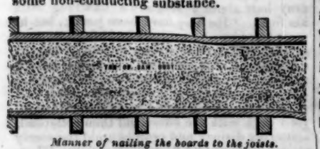
It is now pretty well settled that ice houses should be built chiefly or entirely above ground. Those which have generally been built by the great ice dealers and exporters, have not been much sunk into the earth. It has been ascertained that the dampness of the ground operates against the preservation of the ice.

Mr. Downing, in the first volume of the Horticulturist, gives an extract from a letter received from Mr. N. J. Wyeth, of Cambridge, Mass., a gentleman who has had much experience in the management of ice, and is largely concerned in its exportation. From Mr. W.'s letter, we take the following description of an ice house above ground:



Section of the Ice House above ground.

'An ice house above ground should be built upon the plan of having a double partition, with the hollow space between filled with some non-conducting substance.



Manner of nailing the boards to the joists.

In the first place, the frame of the sides should be formed of two ranges of upright *joists*, six by four inches; the lower ends of the joists should be put into the ground *without any sill*, which is apt to let air pass through. These two ranges of joists should be about two feet and one-half apart at the bottom, and two feet at the top. At the top these joists should be morticed into the cross beams which are to support the upper floor. The joists in the two ranges should be placed each opposite another. They should then be lined or faced on one side, with rough boarding, which need not be very tight. This boarding should be nailed to those edges of the joists nearest each other, so that one range of joists shall be outside the building, and the other inside the ice room or vault.

The space between these boardings or partitions should be filled with wet tan, or sawdust, whichever is cheapest or most easily obtained. The reason for using *wet* material for filling the space is, that during winter it freezes, and until it is again thawed, little or no ice will melt at the sides of the vault.

The bottom of the ice vault should be filled about a foot deep with small blocks of wood; these are leveled and covered with wood shavings, over which a strong plank floor should be laid to receive the ice.

Upon the beams above the vault, a pretty tight floor should also be laid, and this floor should be covered several inches deep with dry tan or sawdust. The roof of the ice house should have considerable pitch, and the space between the upper floor and the roof should be ventilated by a lattice window at each gable end, or something equivalent, to pass out the warm air which will accumulate beneath the roof. A door must be provided in the side of the vault to fill and discharge it; but it should always be closed up higher than the ice, and when not in use should be kept closed altogether."

CONCENTRATED AND SPECIFIC MANURES.

Dr. Gardiner of New York, in a communication to the New York State Agricultural Society, published in their Transactions for 1845, contends that the business of manuring our crops can be very much abridged and simplified, and that the hauling and shoveling over so much heavy barn-yard manure, may be obviated, and a less laborious mode adopted. This is a matter of no small importance to the farmer. If his observations and experiments are correct, much labor might be saved, and also much expense. His method is to apply the ashes of the manure, or the ashes of vegetables, mingled with such other materials as may be required to supply the proper material for the crop, and this proper material is ascertained by analysing the crop to be raised. His observations are interesting, and we wish they could be placed in the hands of all our farmers, that they might read and compare them with their own experience and practice. We all know that farm-yard manure seldom fails to fertilize the land and increase the crop. But we all likewise know that when used in a green, unfermented state, a great part of the bulk and weight of it is water.

According to actual experiments, made with care, 1000 lbs. of excellent green manure taken from a quantity made by 30 horses, as many oxen, and twenty pigs, 793 lbs. of it were water, and but 207 lbs. of it solid matter. Of 1000 lbs. of similar manure made in the summer, only 196 lbs. were solid matter, and 804 lbs. of it were water.

The solid parts of it, thus obtained or separated by drying, must be made up of two kinds of material, viz: vegetable and mineral. The vegetable matter is analogous to finely prepared or ground straw, and, of course, would result, if reduced to its elements, into carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, in various proportions.

The mineral matter comes according to the kind of provender, &c., that has been fed out. The chemist Sprengel once analyzed some manure, separated into these materials, (vegetable and mineral,) and found the mineral matter to be in 100 lbs.—

Potash and soda,	24.0 lbs.
Lime and magnesia,	16.0
Sulphuric acid,	5.5
Phosphuric acid,	5
Sand, carbonic acid, &c.,	54.0

The result which Dr. G. brings about is this, viz: that instead of using 1500 lbs. of green, yard manure, which would make a fair load, he would take and apply

1 bushel of ashes, worth	12 1-2 cts.
30 lbs. of air-slaked lime,	1 1-4
16 lbs. of plaster,	1-4
2 lbs. of bones,	1-2
The whole,	14 1-2 cts.

He does not advise to burn farm-yard dung when you have it, but if you were to buy, it would be as well to buy the mineral material at a much less price—and he wishes also to prove that the ashes of farm-yard dung are nothing more than the ashes of straw or hay, and provender, which were used for food, litter, &c.

We may publish the whole or a part of his article at some future time.

WINTER GRAFTING.

Those who have young trees which they intend to graft—say two or three years old—would find it advantageous to take them up at this season of the year and pack them away in their cellars with their roots covered with sand or loam.

During the winter when at leisure they can employ themselves in grafting them with such fruit scions as they wish. Ah that is necessary in such operations is to fix the scion in firmly, and retain it in place by application of grafting wax, or by a narrow strip of cloth covered with the wax and wound around. The roots thus grafted must be then repacked in the sand, and in the spring set out. Should your cellar be warm and dry, and the sand become dried too much in consequence, sprinkle it with water occasionally. Pieces of roots of apple or pear trees may also be laid away thus, and engrafted during winter, and be ready for starting in the spring. An acquaintance has practised thus, successfully, during the past year. He takes pieces of roots from the size of a pipe stem to that of your thumbs, and say four or five inches long. If they have a few fibres on them, so much the better. These he engrafts in the usual manner, and packs them away carefully in sand till spring. He then puts them into a hot bed, burying the root and scion so that but one or two eyes are above the earth. After they begin to start they may be planted out in the nursery rows to grow. This last operation with the hot bed is not absolutely necessary, but it serves to hasten the process.

In setting out trees or roots thus grafted, it is best to set them so low that roots will start out from the scions as well as from the stock, and in this way the particular fruit that you wish to propagate is more likely to become permanently fixed upon the stock.

We have often spoken of grafting in this way, and urged it upon our readers. We trust that we shall be pardoned for this repetition and seeming importunity; but the importance of the subject, and the necessity of continued urging as well as action in the business of cultivating fruit, and none but good fruit must be our excuse for so frequently bringing the business before them.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE AND SCIENCE.

We have received the November number (No 19) of the American Journal of Agriculture and Science, conducted by Dr. E Emmons of Albany and A. Osborn, Esq., and published monthly by Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl street N. Y., at $2,00 per an num.

This is a higly scientific work, containing the practical details of Agricultural Science with those of a kindred nature.

The present num'er contains valuable papers on the "brand in the cereals" such as smut and rust and ergot, &c., illustrated by excellent engravings. It also contains a report of the recent meeting of the American Association of Geologists, which is interesting to those who are versed in that Science. Tho' devoted to the higher departments of practical sciences, it nevertheless mingles therewith amusement of the useful kind, as the following extract will show.

Turning over a New Leaf.

"Are you going to get in that corn to-day?" said John Hendricks to Mr. Butler, the farmer for whom he was at work by the month.

"Yes," said Mr. Butler, "we must try to get it in, in course of the day."

"If it is to be got in to-day, we must go about it this morning. It is time it was in, it is half destroyed now. Benton's cattle were in again last night."

"I know they were. Here Saul, do you run over to Benton's and tell him his cattle lay in our corn last night, and ask him to take care of them."

"And he will tell you to put up the fence," said Saul.

"The fence ought to be seen to. Hendricks you bring me the axe, and I'll go now and tackle it up a little," said Mr. B.

Hendricks went for the axe, and having searched in vain for it, returned to Mr. Butler, who was trying to set up a wash tub, which had fallen to pieces in despair of the fulfilment of Mr. Butler's promise, that he would get a hoe to-morrow."

"I can't find the axe, I would as soon undertake to make a thing as to find it in this place. It seems to be a rule with every one who uses a tool here to put it where it can't be found no how. If it was left where it was used last, a body might find something once in a while, but as it is, 'tis about impossible. I expect the barn will be among the missing some day."

"Never mind," said Mr. Butler, in a conciliating tone, "the axe will turn up in course of the day. You see if you can set these staves up, I want to step over and see if Holmes can come and cut that buckwheat to-day."

Hendricks did as he was requested. He set up the staves, and looked round for the hoop to confine them in place. "I wonder," said he, "if I am expected to sit here and hold these in place all day. There is no hoop between here and the blacksmith's I dare say. I have done harder work than sitting and doing nothing, and more profitable work for my employer; but I must obey orders. Benton's cows are to have another pull at that corn, I see plainly."

In due time Mr. Benton came, and Mr. Holmes was ready to go at the buckwheat as as soon he had ground up his new scythe, and spliced one of the fingers of his cradle.

"You have got them set up have you?"

"Yes, but what is a going to hold them up when I let go of them?"

"Here is a hoop," said Mr. B. "I forgot to tell you about it."

Hendricks took it: while Butler and Holmes were grinding the scythe he put it on and drove it down. "There," said he, "that's the first job I've known to be finished on this ground since I came here three months ago." At this moment Saul returned. "Well Saul, what's the news?"

"Benton says Hyde's cattle are in the lower meadow."

"Very likely, I saw a red squirrel running towards the fence, and I thought it likely he would get on it and throw it down. If they find the potatoes, it will save some labor."

"What about the potatoes?" said Mr. Butler, coming up at that moment.

"Hyde's cows are taking care of them," said Hendricks.

"You run and drive them out Saul, and find out where they got in, and put up the fence a little, just enough to turn them for the present, I'll see to it in a day or two. Hendricks, you harness the horses, we will try to get a load of that corn in before dinner."

In about half an hour, during which time Messrs. Butler and Holmes had been employed in splicing the cradle finger, Hendricks came to Butler, and asked, "where is the harness for the off horse?"

"Oh, I let Finkle have it last night. I didn't know as we should want it to-day. Isn't there something else you can do to-day?"

"Yes, there is enough to do, if a body could ever get at it. There he comes with the harness. You are sure you havn't lost any of the linch pins?"

"I guess not."

"Well, it may be," said Hendricks to himself," that some of that corn will be saved after all."

The reader has had a specimen of the mode of proceeding on Mr. Butler's farm, and will be enabled to form a pretty shrewd guess why it was that Mr. Butler, who had an excellent farm and who was always busy about something, was not "deemed and taken" by his neighbors to be a forehanded man.

Hendricks, with the aid of Saul, succeeded in getting in most of the corn to which allusion has been made, so that Mr. Benton's cows came home the next day, which was the Sabbath, much less well filled than ordinary.

On Monday morning Hendricks was out by daylight, and at work when Saul made his appearance, which was not till he had given the sun due precedence. Hendricks informed him that a new leaf was to be turned over. "Things about the place are going to be done this week as they ought to be done," said he.

"I'm agreed," said Saul, who was quite willing to work, but wished very much to be relieved from the responsibility of directing his own movements.

"Mr. Butler," said John after breakfast, "has that axe come to light yet?"

"I havn't seen it."

"Here it is," said Lizzy, "I found it in the grass in the garden."

"And took care of it like a sensible body," said John, taking the axe from her hand, "Thankee."

The compliment was not a very polished one, but it brought over her beautiful countenance a blush which she hastened into the pantry to conceal.

"Now," said he, "if you and Saul will go at those potatoes, I will put that fence in a shape that will keep Hyde's cattle out of that meadow for some time I guess."

"Hyde ought to put up part of it," said Butler.

"I know he had, but he will never do it, you might as well try to get a hen to do a sum in the rule of three, as to get him to do anything worth while. Come let us have all those potates in, and that fence up before sunset."

"If we get all the potatoes in, it is not much matter about the fence."

"What is the reason it isn't? Who wants the cattle making mortar of the meadow? Come on."

They got into the wagon which had been brought to the door before breakfast, and Hendricks drove off at a rapid rate, making a great clattering of the loose boards in the wagon, and rendering it somewhat difficult for Mr. Butler and Saul, to keep themselves, or rather the board on which they sat, in place.

"What has got into John?" said Mrs. Butler, pausing from her efforts over the butter bowl, and watching the rapidly disappearing wagon.

"I don't know," said Lizzy softly. Now she had better not have made any reply to the question, for it was not asked with any expectation of a reply. I say she had better not have answered it, for I am not sure but that she strained the truth a little in so doing. Some passages which had taken place between John and herself as they come home from meeting together on Sabbath evening, and set in the "front room" together, till the roosters crowed, were in fact the causes of the turning over of the new leaf in the management of the farm.

Before night the fence was put up, in the most substantial manner, and the potatoes all put in the cellar.

The next morning when they were all at breakfast, John inquired, "Is Holmes to work for you to-day?"

"He promised to come and do what he could towards finishing the buckwheat. He thinks it will take him a day and a half to finish cradling it."

"Well, you don't want him to-day. Send the cradle home, and tell him it is cradled."

"Cradled! who did it?"

"I did it."

"When?"

"This morning."

The look of astonishment and admiration with which Mr. Butler regarded John, was not unobserved by Lizzy, and led her to meditate on the propriety of another retreat to the pantry. She adopted however, the expedient of holding a coffee cup to her lips for a very unnecessary length of time.

"What shall we go at to-day after we have shocked up the buckwheat?" said Hendricks.

"I don't know; what do you think we had best do?"

"Have the rye in where we took the corn off."

"Well, we will go at that then."

In like manner John's advice was asked daily and followed; so that before winter set in, the farm presented a very different aspect from that which it usually wore at that time. Commonly, some potatoes were frozen up, and some portion of the intended sowing left undone, in consequence of the frost overtaking the plow. But now, every crop was secured, the grain sown, and up quite green, the house banked, and quite a "string of stone wall" made. That the corn was all husked in season, might have been owing to the fact, that the turning over the new leaf had inspired the family with such a spirit of industry, that Lizzy had joined them in their huskings, and took her seat near John, that he might break of the ears as were beyond her strength. It happened on one or two occasions that these two continued their labors long after Saul and his father had gone to bed.

In course of time it came to this, that Mr. Butler used to ask John what he was a going to do, as though his right to direct operations was unquestionable. For example, one morning John had a stone boat, with several crow bars in it, at the door.

"What are you going to do?" said Mr. Butler.

"I am going to build a stone wall, on the east side of the meadow. The ground is high enough there for a wall to stand, and there are stone enough on the knoll there which ought to come out to make it."

Mr. Butler made no reply, but together with Saul went to digging stone.

"This looks like a new farm," said Mr. George one day to his neighbor, as they rode by Mr. Butler's house.

"Yes," replied his neighbor, "there is a new hand at the bellows."

"Does Hendricks work it on shares?"

"No, he works by the month."

"Does he? What makes him drive on so!"

"I don't know for certain, but I guess Butler's daughter is at the bottom of it."

When winter set in, Saul, though he was a good boy to work, felt a desire to have a little more furniture in the upper story, asked leave to go to the *Centre* to school. "Uncle Zeb says he will board me if I'll come."

"I don't see how I can spare you. We must build in the spring, and we have all the timber to get out and logs to get to the mill, said Mr. Butler.

Saul looked rather down hearted.

"You can go," said John, who was sitting before the blazing fire, between Saul and Lizzy. "I'm a going to stay, that is if they will let me. I tell you what it is, turning to Mr. Butler, if you will give me *this critter*, laying his hand on Lizzy's arm, I'll stay and work for you at any lay you choose."

Lizzy turned very red, but neither ran for the pantry, or pushed away John's hand.

"Well," said Mr. Butler who had recently seen what things were coming to, "that must be pretty much as you and she can agree, musn't it mother?"

"I guess so," said Mrs, Butler, dropping several stitches in a stocking she was knitting for John.

"There won't be much difficulty about it then, I guess," said John. Saul must go to school. He may go to college if he has a mind. I can get his support out of the farm without hurting any body, I reckon." Then turning to Lizzy, he said, "The road is good, and Jack wants to stir himself, and I want to go over to mother's. Suppose you just hop into the the wagon and ride with me."

Lizzy looked towards her mother, and rose up and went to "put on her things." The horse was soon at the door, and Lizzy was soon in the wagon, and the wagon was soon at John's mother's, and John's mother was soon introduced to Lizzy, who soon became her daughter-in-law, that is to say, on New Year's eve.

THE POTATO AND ITS FAILURES.

Messrs. Editors:—In taking a review of the past season with its varied productions, it is a source of some relief in the fall short of the potato crop, that being admonished by repeated failures, farmers have bestowed less labor in this department and turned their attention to such crops as promised a more certain return; yet the loss is a serious one and will be severely felt.

Of the small amount planted, probably a quarter part were thrown aside in harvesting, as worthless, and more than another quarter have since been taken rotten from cellars, so that we have strong fears that there will not be seed enough wintered for planting. An attempt at this late day to throw any light upon this drawback upon our labors by way of assigning the cause of rot would be like "gilding refined gold, or painting the lilly." Some have imputed it to a disease in the potato, some to a revolution now in process in the bowels of the earth (how do they know this?) others to insects, flies, bugs, and for aught I know to humbugs; which would perhaps come as near the truth as any of the foregoing.—Potato tops are probably more sensitive and more easily affected by atmospheric changes than any other vegetable; that they have yielded to these changes, we do know, from the decomposition that has followed or taken place. That this process descends from the tops to the tuber we may infer from the fact that the *top of the potato* is invariably first affected with rot. For further proof that we have been visited by unusual atmospheric changes or influences, our forest trees in September appeared in the "sere and yellow leaf," as if smitten with frost, yet we had no frost. Our grasses for the season past though luxuriant and beautiful, have rusted badly.—So with beans, wheat, &c. In fact the whole vegetable world seems to have been more or less affected by a sort of extra atmospheric action, especially unfavorable to the potato, but not to corn. Wheat, which a few years since, every farmer in Maine tho't, in order to insure a good crop, should be sowed as soon as the ground would admit of harrowing in the spring; now yields (independent of the weevil) when sowed about the first of June, but with the potato, the sooner planted the better, for the early varieties planted very early have almost if not entirely escaped the rot; and the reason is obvious, as they have so matured and their tops so ripened as to be without the reach of the scorching sun and dishwater showers of August, which have blasted the later kinds.

As a substitute for the potato, so far as the feeding of stock is concerned, I cannot too strongly recommend the long orange carrot; every farmer should cultivate from a quarter of an acre to an acre, on ground suitably prepared. 1000 bushels is readily obtained to the acre, and there is no surer crop, nor one that yields so large a return for a given amount of labor. The seed should be sowed by the 20th of May, in drills eighteen inches asunder; a man with a seed sower can easily sow an acre per day. They are rather tardy in making their appearance, and require pretty close attention in weeding, (at which time the growing carrots should be thinned out three or four inches apart in the drills,) until about the middle of July, when they will cover the ground, and no farther labor need be bestowed upon them until harvest time. If every farmer does not feel able to purchase a seed sower, which costs about $12, (for little can be done without one) it would be well for a few to club, as one will answer for a neighborhood.

Henry Butman.

Dixmont, Me., Nov. 8, 1847.

[Boston Cultivator.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS.

It is well known to many, that there are various turning machines in operation for turning shoe and boot lasts—axe handles carriage and spokes, gun stocks, &c. Recently the same principle has been applied in Massachusetts for taking copies of Statuary. The whole history of the discovery, and of its originator, will be found interesting. A person describing the Bust machine in the Boston Courier, exclaims:

Imagine, gentle reader, a steam engine, in rapid motion, whirling round, and turning out the human head and face divine, with nose, chin, lips, forehead and eyes, ears, neck, breast and shoulders, of perfect proportion and accuracy to nature! Imagine such an eccentric machine, and you will have some idea of the wonderful stretch of invention which conceived and completed such a faculty.

Such a wonderful machine is now in successful operation in Boston, and if any patron of genius, or any inquiring mind, or any person, will take the trouble to search, he can see a bust of Daniel Webster rapidly revolving in one end of a lathe, and at the other he will see a *fac simile* head of the great expounder, of any desired size turned out from marble by machinery.

Busts of Judge Woodbury, of the Supreme Court, have also been turned from the same lathe. Busts and cameos, may be turned, after one and the same model, into imitations of any sizes, from a colossal bust, to a miniature face, suitable for a lady's brooch.

A genius capable of such an achievement ought to be widely known; and we are told that he is a native of Massachusetts. Thos. Blanchard by name. His genius was developed early. Its first manifestation was in the contrivance of a machine for paring apples.

His next device was a machine for ascertaining without the trouble of counting in the usual way, the number of tacks made in a factory in which he was at work for his brother.

His next was a machine for making the tacks, themselves, which had, prior to that, been turned out by the hand. It made, five hundred in a minute, and much more perfectly than by the old method.

Next he set about and perfected a lathe for turning gun barrels. It was an easy process to turn the muzzle end, but at the lower part, the machinery, by a self-acting chance, was made to accommodate itself adroitly, to the end and oval and octagonal parts of the breech. All this was accomplished with great facility by steam power.

When his apparatus was first started at Springfield, the workmen came round to witness the experiment. On its successful operation, one of the workmen remarked to another, "this man has upset our art." One of the gun-stock makers said that "he could not upset him, for the stranger could not turn a gun-stock." Blanchard replied that "he would try."

He finally succeeded in making a lathe to turn gun-stocks with accuracy and facility, by steam power! He secured a patent for the invention, and it is now in successful operation at Springfield, and Harper's Ferry, and it has literally "upset the art" of making gun-stocks by manual labor.

This curious machine was at once applied to making shoe-lasts, hat blocks, tackle blocks and all similar utensils; and while it put an end to the tedious process of making such articles by hand, it produced far more perfect specimens.

Next he invented an improvement in steamboat machinery, to enable boats of small draft to ascend the rapids of rivers, and his plan is now in general use, for ascending rivers of narrow, shallow and rapid channels.

Such are among the valuable inventions of Thomas Blanchard, a farmer's son, whose only means of education were the common country schools, in a secluded part of the country at the close of the last century.

And finally, Mr. Blanchard now makes statues by steam!

But it is a most beneficial achievement—a triumph of Inventive Power—which will multiply the pleasures of mankind and help diffuse enjoyments among them, which will improve their sensibilities and refine their taste. Its importance may not appear at a first glance. We have playfully supposed it to be the knell of the sculptor. But the sculptor will yet live; for so it is, there is no probability that machinery can ever do the work of pure intellect. The great conception of the sculptor must irradiate before the marble model can be set in the lathe. The great artist will not therefore be superceded; but will perhaps be more frequently called upon than now to supply originals, when the desire for exact copies shall have been increased by the facility of obtaining them through the wonderful contrivances of Mr. Blanchard.

Important Invention. Mr. A. Woodworth, of Worcester, has invented a machine for making *face brick*, which will probably do away with the present laborious system of manufacturing this important article. This machine obviates all the objections to which other brick-presses are subject. The clay is received into a box at the top, is pulverized and formed in moulds: they are then pressed under the plates, each brick receiving two impressions, which frees it from air. A pressure of *one hundred tons* is applied to each brick, which at once becomes perfectly compact, and nearly as hard as the ordinary burnt brick. The clay used should be as dry as can be obtained from the bed. This machine requires but about half the number of hands and two thirds, the quantity of fuel, which is necessary to make brick in the ordinary way. The bricks are taken directly to the kiln as fast as they come from the machine. The quantity of brick which can be made by this machine varies from 20,000 to 30,000 in ten hours, according to the size of the machine. The price of the largest size is from $1200 to $1500; the cost of the right depending on the locality. All communications must be addressed to A. Woodworth, Worcester, Mass.

[Boston Bee.

AMOUNT OF CORN ON TWO ACRES.

Mr. Editor:—I want to notice through the columns of your valuable paper, the number of bushels of corn which I raised upon two acres of land, the past season, and also the way that I raised it. Last fall about the 20th of September, I ploughed and subsoiled two acres of rather tough swarded, gravelly land, and in the spring I spread on seventy cartfuls of manure from the barn cellar and ploughed it in. After cross ploughing I harrowed it well, and furrowed it both ways, three feet and a half apart, and put twenty-seven loads of good compost manure in the hill; I planted it the 11th and 12th of May. I hoed it well twice. This fall gathered it and husked it out, and had enough for 217 bushels of good corn. Yours truly,

John Day, Jr.

West Boxford, Nov., 1847.

Two hundred and seventeen bushels are not often harvested from two acres of land, though we sometimes hear of more. One quart of corn from each hill, will give 125 bushels per acre; that is, when there are 4000 hills, as there will be when they stand one pace apart.

Our correspondent does not tell us how large a mess of ears were counted as one bushel—or whether he weighed the whole. Seventy-five pounds are counted for a bushel in the last part of October. Weighing is better than measuring; though weighing before the corn is dry enough to be shelled, is sometimes deceptive.

A noble grain that, which gives 80 or even 70 bushels per acre. This cannot be done in the British islands. In addition to this we have stover that is worth a good ton of hay per acre.

How many farmers have ever cut up ten hills in a row, of their heaviest corn, and shelled it out to ascertain how much an acre may possibly yield? We scarcely know of an individual who has done it; yet how easily it may be done! We need not have much guessing in this matter, though guessing is easier still than a trial of ten adjacent hills.

Two quarts of potatoes to each hill, at the usual distance, amount to 250 bushels per acre. Do we average so many? Some fields never produce half as much. [Ploughman.

Kirk's Steam Tilt Hammer. We saw at the machine-shop of the Reading Railroad Company, in Reading, a few weeks since, three of these very useful implements in operation. They are constructed in the form of the ordinary tilt, or trip-hammer, but the power is applied in a very different manner. Instead of the ordinary machinery for such purposes—a large fly-wheel, etc.—you see a small cylinder, but little larger or higher than your hat, placed under the lever or beam, to which the hammer is attached—in front of the frame in which, or the pivot upon which, the lever operates. In this cylinder moves a piston, with a perpendicular motion, giving action to the hammer.

The first, or smaller one, put in operation by Mr. Kirk, was for ordinary purposes, in the blacksmith-shop, and so rapid is its movement, and delicate its touch, that it might be used for making horse-nails.

The next put in operation, was in the same shop, and used for working up the immense quantity of scrap-iron which had accumulated about the shops of the company, by which means they are now supplied with a large amount of the very best of iron for the ordinary work of the shops. After using these hammers for a time, and finding their great utility, the company have erected one of much larger dimensions, with which they are working over and bringing again into use, their thousands of old axles, and working up, we suppose, their condemned rails.

We should like, right well, to give a more intelligible description of this exceedingly useful machine, as we deem it worthy of being generally known; as, to understand it fully, will be to introduce it extensively into use.

We saw and noticed, a model of it at the late fair—where it attracted considerable attention. We hope to get a full description of it, with drawings, from Mr. Kirk, soon, when we shall refer to it again. [Railroad Journal.

Recipe for a hasty plate of Soup.—Liebig says, when one pound of lean beef, free of fat, and separated from the bones, in the finely chopped state in which it is used for beef sausages or mince meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly for a minute or two, is strained through a towel from the coagulated albumen, and the fibrine, now becoming hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strenght as cannot be obtained even by boiling for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt, and the often usual additions by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh.

Pneumatico Hydraulic Engine. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "Prof. Brigham, of Covington, Ky., claims to be the inventor of a machine, to which he has given the above name, which, by the application of merely a one-horse power will raise water 300 feet, and in quantity sufficient to supply the whole city of Cincinnati! He says he can fill a reservoir on Mount Adams of any capacity, and keep it full for less than $2000 a year! and he adds: "There is no humbuggery in this."

Recipe for Blacking. Have a basket full of elder berries gathered when fully ripe, and put into an iron pot; let them be slightly mashed; after adding a good portion of water, boil till the juice is well extracted. Strain off the liquor and boil till it thickens a little. This simple preparation makes an excellent blacking. A supply may be made and kept for twelve months. Water must not be added to the blacking after boiling, as it will cause it to sour and spoil. [Southern Planter.

The best cough drops for young ladies are to *drop* the practice of dressing thin when they go out into the night air.

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1847.

MESMERISM NOT NEW.

It is pretty generally acceded, we believe, that there is a reality in Mesmerism, so far as this—some persons have an influence over others, either electrical or otherwise, by which they seem to bring on a sort of paralyzed condition of the nerves of feeling, and a state of unconsciousness, similar to that of sleep. The term Mesmerism is derived from Mesmer, a person who endeavored to introduce the practice of putting people into the above state, about sixty or seventy years ago, in France. He endeavored to explain the mode and the causes, and he called the influence by which it was done, animal electricity. A committee of French academians were appointed to look into the matter, among whom was Dr. Franklin, while he was in France. This committee pronounced it all humbug, and the matter was not much thought or heard of until recently, when it has become no novelty. It is, however, no new thing, and has probably been more or less practiced many thousand years.

The operations of the ancient magicians and wizards and sorcerers, of old, may have been in part connected with the faculty of Mesmerising. Swedenborg, in some of his works on the Animal Kingdom or Economy, says, "In the northern countries of Europe, some who are reputed magicians have the faculty of passing spontaneously into a peculiar trance, and losing all outward sense and motion." We have seen similar cases in times of excitement of the mind, the cause of which can only be referred to what is now called Mesmeric influence. The above writer calls it ecstacy or trance, and defines it to be "a state, wherein the body is in a manner separate from the soul, although life still continues."

We are speaking here only of the apparent paralysis or sleep brought on by Mesmerists, and not of clairvoyance and all that—for although there may be much reality in it, there is always more or less of *humbug* about it—got up by exhibiters to gratify the curiosity of the assembly, who have paid their ninepences to see the sight.

BOOK GORMANDIZING.

We think that the present is a book gormandizing age. In the days of the wise man it was said "that much studying is a weariness to the eyes, and the making of many books, no end." *Had he lived now*, he would undoubtedly say that of the making of some books, there ought to be an end; and that the floodgates of trash which have been opened and are deluging the land with the sickly sentimental, or rather pretend to be, sentimental romances, should be closed, and their places supplied with something better,—something that shall be useful—something, the perusal of which, shall convey instruction, strengthen the mind, and learn people to *think* with clearness, truth, and energy. But it is fashionable to indulge in the reading of what is called "*light literature*," (*light enough too*), and the press is ceaselessly employed in furnishing for this diseased mental appetite. The consequence is, plain common sense, strong thinkers, are getting rather scarce among the rising generation; and a new race is growing up of the *whip syllabub* order. It has been wisely remarked: "Better to read little with thought, than much with levity and quickness; for mind is not as merchandise, which decreaseth with using—but like to the passions of man, which rejoice and expand in exertion."

HULLING WHEAT.

Almost every yankee housewife knows how to *hull* corn, and her children know what it is good for when put into a flowing bowl of rich milk. Recently a Mr. Samuel Brentz, of Boonsborough, Md., has devised a mode of what we suppose to be hulling wheat, although the papers say it is a mode of removing the bran from the wheat—leaving it pure unground flour. If it be a mode by which nothing but the starch of wheat is left behind, we think it is more curious than useful. The perfection by which a greater part of the coarser particles of wheat are now separated by the sieves and bolts in our flouring mills, instead of being a blessing has been a curse to mankind. We use a strong term, but it is the best one to use. A *majority* of the cases of dyspepsia and general debility which are now so prevalent, are the results of living almost exclusively on superfine flour. God made the other parts of the wheat to be eaten in order to supply a very important part of our systems, by digesting and assimilating it to our bodies. But man in his pride has said, we will eat only the finest of the flour, and throw away the rest. And man pays dearly for his folly, bringing upon himself the many distressing diseases which he would not have, had he lived more conformably with the designs of his creator, who made every part of the cereal grains for an express purpose in the animal economy.

But to return to the subject of Mr. Brentz's invention, for which, we understand he is about obtaining a patent.

A specimen was prepared to be sent to the New York fair, and the following letter from the Secretary speaks approvingly of the samples sent.

ALBANY, Sept. 25, 1847.

S. BRENTZ—Your letter, enclosing samples of wheat, &c., with your notice as to the improvement, was received too late to be passed upon by the judges at the fair, but has been carefully examined by the executive committee, and they are impressed with its *great value* to the wheat growing districts of our state. We are desirous of ascertaining the process by which it is accomplished, the expense attending it, and whether it can be done fast enough, so as to supply a run of stone for grinding. We have awarded you a *diploma*, which is herewith enclosed. I should be pleased to have you send me by express a larger sample of wheat and also of bran—say two quarts. We are desirous to ascertain all we can in relation to it, as we deem it very important.

I am, respectfully yours,
B. P. JOHNSON,
Sec'y N. Y. S. Agricultural Society.

ROBBING THE OAT BIN. A farmer by the name of Platt Bissel, in Kent, Conn., had packed away $2200 in specie. It was put into a keg and buried up in his oat bin. Ben Smith and Augustus Whalley stole it. They were arrested, and the whole obtained, except twenty-five or thirty dollars.

MAMMOTH BOUQUET.

Fremont, in his journal, mentions that on his return home from California, on the streams in that country, he met with a species of Blue Flowering Lupine, of extraordinary beauty, growing to the height of five feet and covered with spikes of flowers, and filling the air with a light and grateful perfume. On the banks of the San Joaquin, he says he found "fields of the beautiful blue flowering Lupine, which seems to love the neighborhood of water. We here found this beautiful shrub in thickets, some of them being twelve feet high. Occasionally three or four plants were clustered together, forming a grand bouquet, about ninety feet in circumference, and ten feet high; the whole summit covered with spikes of flowers, the perfume of which is very sweet and grateful."

CHEAP POSTAGE SUCCESSFUL. The cheap postage system seems to be gaining friends even among the postmasters, and it is said the Postmaster General begins to be in favor of it. The deficiency in the revenue during the first year was $800,000—last year, $640,000, and this year, $40,000. In a year or two there will be a surplus, and then the postage must come down to two cents per letter. The people will have it so.

A NEW REPUBLIC. The colony of Liberia, on the coast of Africa, has declared its independence, adopted a constitution and become a nation. Will the United States acknowledge its independence, or serve it as it has Hayti?

BIG STEELYARD. Messrs. Elliot & Abbot, of Philadelphia, have made a scale for the weigh lock, near Danville, Pa., that will weigh 310,000 pounds.

NEW BEVERAGE. M. Roussel & Co., of Philadelphia, the celebrated manufacturers of mineral water, have invented a new beverage, named Nectar. It is said to be a very beautiful drink, good enough for Editors.

EVIDENCE OF CIVILIZATION. In old times the existence of a gallows was considered a sign of civilization. An exchange says that as a proof of the progress of civilization in Matamoras, a new omnibus has made its appearance in the streets.

NOMINATED TWO HUNDRED TIMES. According to the N. Y. Mirror, Gen. Taylor has been nominated to the Presidency at two hundred public meetings. It will take more public meetings than that to vote him in.

VERMONT IN POETRY. Dr. Enos Cobb has petitioned the legislature of Vermont for aid in publishing a poem of about 400 pages, written in his best style, all about the Green Mountain State.

TRYING TO PAY UP. It is said that the debts of sundry States to the stockholders in England, amount to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and that Col. J. H. Sherburne, the bearer of despatches from Government to our minister in London, also carries out a plan, or proposals for an adjustment of the same.

SENDING OFF THE SPECIE. Specie seems to be going out of the country at a "pretty good jog." More than half a million was sent out to England when the Caledonia sailed, and thirty-two thousand in gold for Rio Janeiro, and how much to Mexico we wot not.

OJIBBEWAY CANNIBALS. Prof. Shepard, who has spent some time of the past season in exploring the mining regions on Lake Superior, states that there are instances of Cannibalism among the Ojibbeway tribe; that he frequently saw one of them who had eaten his wife and two children. If the United States have any Indian agent there, he ought to teach them better than that.

AVERAGE LIFE OF MISSIONARIES IN THE EAST. Since the Baptist Mission in China commenced, twenty six female missionaries have died, the average duration of their missionary life being four years and four months. Thirteen male missionaries have died—average missionary life seven years and six months.

REVELATIONS OF A. J. DAVIS, THE CLAIRVOYANT. On Monday evening last, Mr. Fishbough, of New York, delivered a lecture at State Street Chapel, explanatory of Davis' Mesmeric revelations in regard to the "spirit land." He spoke about two hours to a highly respectable audience. It would be impossible to give an idea of the lecture in a short space. Mr. F. is a man of pleasant address, and shew evidences of scientific and philosophic attainments.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. F. offered the "Book of Revelations," containing some eight hundred pages, for sale, of which he was the amanuensis or reporter and editor.

LEGAL TIT FOR TAT. A lawyer in Ohio, having been dunned, filed in his account against the creditor for paying postage on the letter and labor in reading it.

TARRY TRIPLETS. Mrs. Tarr, of Elkridge, Mo., has presented her husband with three little Tarrs at a birth.

FRICTION MATCHES BUSINESS. The fabrication of friction matches employs ten thousand persons in Paris—more than that number are engaged in burning them.

NOT SO POOR AFTER ALL. It is said that Santa Anna has immense sums of money invested in British funds. The Yankees won't get that sum if they nab him.

CALIFORNIA. Letters from California represent the whole country as quiet—the principal quarelling in regard to it appears to be in Washington, and that is to settle the question who was Governor of it once?

SUPPLY OF BEGGARS. The Philadelphia papers are complaining that the city is overrun with Italian beggars. Set them to work; this is the best anti-begging application we know of.

AN OLD KING. Louis Phillipe has just completed his 74th year. He is healthy and strong, and may hold on some ten or twenty years more. Boxing about the fields and woods of this country, from Maine to New Orleans, oftentimes half starved and half clad, made him tough.

MADE UP AND VERY LOVING. The King and Queen of Spain, who have been on *unspeakable* terms for a year, have settled their differences, and are now unspeakably loving toward each other.

SEVERE HURRICANE. On the 12th of October, according to the West India papers, a tremendous hurricane passed over Trinidad and Tobago. Immense damage was done, and many lives lost.

LOVE OF LIBERTY. How many mistake the character of this most sublime and ennobling inspiration! A genuine love of liberty, says Romilly, "is not a little selfish feeling, confined to ourselves, and to the contracted circle of our privileged associates; it expands itself into all, without distinction, who are under the protection of the same state. It is as indignant at that injustice which we see done to others, as at that which we feel pressing on ourselves. It delights in the security of the meanest peasant in the land." Such, as we have ever thought, is the character of genuine patriotism. Wholly dissociated from self—above the influence of mercenary motives, and looking rather at the interests of the masses, than to emolument of the privileged few—it assumes the character of a principle of justice, rather than of policy.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. The Charleston (S. C.) Courier brings intelligence of a most destructive conflagration in that city. Several large store-houses were destroyed together with most of their contents. Among the merchandize destroyed were about sixteen hundred bales of cotton, six hundred boxes of tobacco, large quantities of coffee, bacon, bagging, rope and salt. Mostly insured.

LARGE WATERMELONS. Mr. Charles Dutton of Unity, raised the past season, upon one vine, 125 3-4 pounds of watermelons; one of which measured 2 ft. 10 1-2 in. in circumference; and the largest weighed 22 1-4 lbs. It will take a "smart watermelon seed" to beat that.

NITROUS ACID GAS is easily obtained by placing a small quantity of nitre (saltpetre) in a saucer, and pouring on as much oil of vitriol as will cover it. A copious evolution of gas immediately succeeds the operation and will continue for some time. This gas, it is said, possesses the power of destroying the contagion of typhus fever.

THE SHAMROCK. It is said that in some parts of Ireland there prevails a superstition that the individual who is so fortunate as to find a four-leaved clover, becomes the possessor of a talisman, the magic efficacy of which enables him to gratify, thence forth, every desire of his heart. Lover, the poet, has said that should he become possessed of this desirable charm, he would exercise the power it conferred for the benefit of his species;—thus:

"To worth he would give honor,
He'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall
The smile of happier years;
And friends that had been long estranged,
And hearts that had grown cold,
Should meet again like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.
And thus he'd use the enchanter's power,
To scatter bliss around,
And not a tear or aching heart
Should in the world be found."

CURE FOR A COLD. We live in a hyperborean region, and one, consequently, where "colds" are of frequent occurrence, especially at this season. The following learned prescription, therefore, which we take from an old black letter volume, published in the year 1403, may be of service to some of our readers.

"Putt your futte in hott water,
As highe as your thighes,
Wrappe your heade up in flannelle
As lowe as your eyees.
Take a quarte of ruuid gruelle,
When in bedde, as a dose,
With a number of foat dipee,
Well tallowe your nose."

THE FAULTS OF MAN. An exchange publishes the following morceau. Whatever may be said of the "poetry," it certainly contains some "truth."

"A thousand faults in man we find—
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man 's inconstant and unkind;
Man is false and indiscreet;
Man 's capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling, too;
Yet still the women all agree,
For want of better—he must do."

THE SEMI-ANNUAL PICTORIAL SATURDAY COURIER, for January, 1848, is a rich affair. M'Makin is indefatigable in his efforts to supply the public with new and interesting matter, and spares no expense to have his illustrations of the very best kind, either as it regards the beauty and spirit of his designs, or skill and finish in their execution. This number contains a new legend from the inimitable pen of Lippard, entitled "Christmas Legend," or the "Revenge of Washington." There are fifty-one elegant engravings; among them, a large and beautiful one representing the Sports of Christmas, and another equally as large, representing Gen. Taylor on his charger before Monterey. We think this number decidedly the most varied and interesting of any one of the kind that the proprietor has ever published.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY. We have received from the Principal, James H. Hanson, A. M., a catalogue of the officers and students of Waterville Academy, for the academical year ending 1847. Number of students, 201—87 males and 114 females. Department of languages, 90; English department, 111.—This is a well conducted institution.

NORWAY INSTITUTE. We have had placed on our table a catalogue of the teachers and students of the Norway Liberal Institute, for the academical year ending November, 1847. Number of students, 83 males and 91 females. This institution went into operation in March last, and is, we are happy to learn, in a flourishing condition.

GOOD DIVIDEND. The magnetic telegraph between Philadelphia, Reading & Pottsville, has been in operation half a year, and has made a dividend of profits amounting to 5 per cent.

SPOTTED FEVER IN PHILADELPHIA. This epidemic is prevailing among the poor and destitute classes in Baker street, Philadelphia.

INDIANA BLACK LAW. The so called black law of Indiana, made it a crime for a black man to enter the State without giving bonds. The Supreme Court of that State have pronounced the law unconstitutional.

The celebrated Dr. Barrow has somewhere said that the love of idleness is the great mother and nurse of discontent. It layeth, says he, the mind open for melancholy conceits to enter; it yieldeth harbor to them, and entertainment there; it depriveth of all the remedies and alloys which business affordeth. We believe no idle man is ever really happy; it is a state contrary to nature, and one utterly incompatible with its requirements.

WOMAN'S LIFE. How beautifully has the poet portrayed the life and influence of woman in the following exquisite lines:

"At home—abroad—thy constant love,
With influence divine,
Like to a flame from heaven above,
Will all around me shine.
Oh! should a cloud of sorrow rise,
To shade life's blissful day,
Thy love will brighten all the skies,
And drive the storm away."

Meeting of the Pomological Society next Tuesday, at 2 P. M., at the Court House.

TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY LIVES LOST.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 26—9 P. M.

News has just reached here, by way of the lakes, of a sad catastrophe which happened on Lake Michigan by which nearly two hundred human beings have been hurried into an untimely grave.

On Sunday morning last the Propeller Phœnix, Captain Street, bound up to the Lakes, was discovered to be on fire when within nineteen miles of Sheboygan. The fire broke out under the deck, and a fresh wind prevailing, spread with fearful rapidity.

The utmost consternation prevailed among the passengers, and it was impossible amidst the excitement which followed, to make the proper efforts, to stay the flames and save the boat.

There were *over two hundred passengers* on board, and the scene was heart rending in the extreme. Mothers crying in frantic madness for their children, wives clinging to their husbands and crying aloud for mercy from above. Some, in desperation, plunged into the lake; others, in their wild delirium, rushed headlong into the flames.

It was a harrowing spectacle, and humanity shudders at the recital of it. Thirty of the passengers took to the small boats and were saved; the rest either perished in the flames, or were drowned.

Those who so miraculously escaped in the boats were shortly after picked up by the steamer Delaware, which hove in sight just in time to see the dreadful fate of those on board the ill starred Phœnix, but too late to render them any earthly assistance.

Every attention was paid to the survivors by the officers and crew of the Delaware.

One hundred and fifty of the passengers were German immigrants.

Capt. Street was sick in his state-room and was saved.

The Phœnix was owned by Pease and Allen, of Cleveland, Ohio, and insured for $15,000. [Philadelphia News.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER AND LOSS OF FORTY LIVES. A telegraphic despatch from the West, states that the steamer Tempest, bound down the Mississippi, and the Talisman, from Clinton for St. Louis, came in collision on Thursday last, 10 miles below Cape Girardeau, Upper Mississippi. The Talisman sunk immediately in deep water. The total loss is estimated at 40 lives—some think more. The ladies and passengers lost everything, escaping only in their night clothes, and in that condition were taken to Cape Girardeau by the steamer Tempest.

By the bursting of the boiler of the Caroline, near Shawneetown, Ill., Mr. Peacock, passenger, of Pittsburgh, was killed, and four deck hands badly scalded, of whom one subsequently died.

SAD ACCIDENTS. While a gang of riggers were engaged in carrying a spar on board a vessel, in the yard of Mr. Wm. Stetson on the 18th inst., the staging gave way, and precipitated them to the ground, by which, one of them, Capt. Wm. Robinson, was severely injured; so much so that there is but small hope of his recovery. The remainder of the gang fortunately received no serious injury.

Mr. Swasey Page of Warren was killed in this town on the 22d ult. by the falling upon him of one of the stringers of the lower toll bridge. He with two other men were attempting to pass under the bridge through a 40 feet space with a loaded gondola, when the tide was running very rapidly, and not steering her right, she struck with great force against the posts on one side which swayed them aside, by which means the ends of the 40 feet stringers slipped off the cap-timber on which they rested and fell on the gondola, killing Mr. Page instantly. All the others escaped unhurt.

The stringers had been removed to pass a large ship through, and in replacing them one end was lodged on the cap-timber about 4 inches only as we are informed, while at the other, the ends lapped over several feet.

[Thomaston Recorder.

OUTRAGE UPON OUR FLAG. Our readers will recollect, that we stated some time ago our conviction that Her Majesty's Steam Frigate Columbia, had impressed a seaman from the Brig Brookline, Spates, owned by John W. Bass, Esq., of this port. Such, indeed, proves to be the fact. The Brookline has returned from her voyage to the West Indies, and we have had a conversation with Capt. Spates on the subject. His statement is substantially the same as was made by us, founded upon what he communicated to Capt. Winchester, of the Julia Ann, at the time.

We learn that Mr. Bass has made a representation to our government, and claims redress and compensation for the interruption of his lawful business. We trust, most certainly, that the Secretary of State will not only press satisfaction for the wrong in this particular, but for the far greater one of indignity to our flag. The people of the frontiers *must* be good neighbors, else they cannot pursue their avocations. Every aggression, whether made by our citizens or by subjects of Her Majesty, should be promptly discountenanced, and rebuked by every lover of right and good order. [Eastport Sentinel.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY. A tragic affair occurred in one of the suburbs of this city, last Saturday evening. George Brown, a young black man, has for some time sought the felicity of calling his, the charming, yellow Mary Crare, who it seems preferred another. That evening he visited her, when in a fit of desperation, he fired at her a pistol, lodging a ball in the back of her head, and instantly discharged another pistol into his own mouth, the ball cutting away his under lip and breaking the jaw bone. George is but 19, and Mary only 17. Both are likely to live.

[Bangor Democrat.

FIRE. The house and blacksmith shop of Michael Farrell, of Brooks, was burned on Friday night, 12th inst., together with all his provisions and tools. Loss estimated at from $500 to $600. [Belfast Journal.

EXPLOSION. The powder mill of Jones & Swett, at Camden, blew up for the *seventh time*, on Monday evening last. There were 20 or 30 casks in the mill. Fortunately no one was injured. [Belfast Journal.

We understand that the store occupied by Smith and Lumbert, near the Six Miles Falls, was consumed by fire, on Friday morning last, with all the goods therein—loss $800.

[Bangor Whig.

GREAT FIRE IN IOWA. Louisville, Nov. 20, 9 A. M. The western mail brings lamentable intelligence from Iowa. A fire in the prairies has swept the greater part of Washington county, carrying devastation in its track. The loss of property is immense, and it is feared that human life has also suffered. One person writes that the loss in his immediate neighborhood cannot be less than $50,000.

THE HEMP CROP. A merchant of St. Louis, writing to the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, says:

"The most carefully formed estimates of the hemp crop of the Missouri river gives the product this year as, in round numbers, 13,000 tons. Add to this the product of the whole West beside, which may be set down at 17,000 tons, and you have an amount equal to 30,000 tons—from this deduct the quantity used in the west in manufactures, say 12,000 tons, and you have for export from 18,000 to 20,000 tons, or more than equal to the requirements of all northern seaports, and leaving a considerable quantity for export."

NEW COUNTERFEIT. Spurious $5 notes, new plate, on the Warren Bank, Danvers, Mass., have made their appearance in this town the present week, and quite a number of them were passed off upon our traders. They are lettered A; vignette, ship and steamboat in the centre; heads of Franklin and Washington on the ends. General appearance bad; engraving coarse. [Journal.

GAS LIGHTS IN ST. LOUIS. This city is now lighted with gas. The lights were first lit up on the 3d ult.

FROM MEXICO.

Terrible Earthquake at Atlixco—Death of Canales, the Guerilla Leader.

PETERSBURG, VA., Nov. 27, 1847.

The schooner Sarah has arrived at New Orleans from the Brazos, whence she sailed on the 9th inst.

By this arrival, intelligence is received that letters had come from the city of Mexico, announcing that on the 23d of October, the city of Atlixco was totally destroyed by an earthquake. Not a house was left standing, and a large portion of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins.

Much damage also was done to the surrounding country and in the neighboring villages and monasteries, many of which were overthrown.

Canales, the Mexican guerilla chief, died at Ceralvo, on the 4th inst.

The sickness was increasing at the Brazos. [Only three days previously to the destruction of Atlixco by an earthquake, that city had experienced, to some extent, the horrors of a bombardment. General Lane, with a considerable detachment, after a forced march from Perote, ten leagues distant, reached the vicinity of Atlixco on the evening of Oct. 19th, and after fighting his way through the forces of Gen. Rea, to a summit overlooking the town, he there posted his artillery, and for three quarters of an hour threw shot and shell into the "most thickly populated parts," the bright light of the moon enabling the practised gunners to fire with terrific effect. "The crash of the walls and roofs of the houses, when struck by our shot and shells, was mingled with the roar of artillery." Two hundred and nineteen Mexicans were killed, and three hundred wounded, while our own loss was only one killed and one wounded. It was thought necessary to strike these people with terror, because their city had been the refuge and headquarters of guerillas, whence many an expedition had issued against our troops.]

[Journal of Commerce.

AMERICAN FORCES IN MEXICO. Every one who has carefully read the newspapers for some months past, must have noticed that our Government have been very active of late in sending forward reinforcements to the army in Mexico. There were, at the latest dates, at Vera Cruz, and on the road between that city and the capital, between eleven and twelve thousand men, as follows:

Garrison of Puebla, under Col. Childs	2300
Major Lally's detachment	1500
General Lane	3000
General Patterson	5000
Total	11,500

Besides these troops, already in Mexico, a considerable body has but recently left New Orleans for the seat of war, not less than 5,500 having embarked within the past four weeks; and two or three regiments from Tennessee and Kentucky were expected daily to arrive in New Orleans. So that, besides the reinforcements already enumerated, some four or five thousand more will speedily be on the field of action. In addition to all these, the work of recruiting for the regular and the volunteer service is going on actively in different parts of the country.

Assuming now, that General Scott has under his immediate command at the capital, 7000 men of all arms, that at least 11,000 are on the road between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, that 5,000 more are gathering at Vera Cruz, under General Butler, and that 4000 are under enlistment in different parts of the country, preparing to march for Mexico, speedily,—and we have the round number of American troops either now or soon to be, in Mexico, 27,000; add to these, General Taylor's command, and the whole number will not fall short of *thirty thousand* men of all arms, prepared to engage in the work of conquering a peace—or conquering Mexico. [Traveller.

DOUBLE-GAUGE RAILROAD. An experiment has been made in England of laying down a narrow and a broad gauge together, so as to connect with a road of either gauge without a change of cars. On the road from Gloucester to Cheltenham, a distance of seven miles, this "mixed gauge" has been brought into operation. The thing is accomplished by laying a third rail, which with the rail of the narrow gauge, forms the broad gauge line. The mixture, or concurrent use of different gauges on the same road, has for some time been a matter of controversy. The plan has been strongly urged by the advocates of the broad gauge; while the narrow gauge party, with Mr. Stephenson, the celebrated engineer at their head, have maintained that the double gauge system would be dangerous and attended with great mechanical difficulties, particularly where there were complications of stations and crossings. The experiment upon the Gloucester and Cheltenham line is regarded by the broad gauge party as successful, and as a new step in the progress of railroads. The opponents of the plan, however, do not consider it a fair trial, inasmuch as it does not bring to the test the dangers and difficulties apprehended, because the stations of the broad and the narrow gauge companies are there entirely separate, and there are no intermediate stations or through crossings joining the two lines. [Traveller.

CARE OF MONEY. The Boston Transcript thus illustrates the folly of those over-careful gentlemen, who when travelling with money about their persons, are constantly proclaiming the fact, by their endeavors to keep their treasure safe and sound:

A "gentleman," who had himself been an accomplished pickpocket in his day, but had abandoned the shabby craft, addressed a young friend of ours on board a steamboat, a short time since, something in this wise: "My young friend, why do you go about proclaiming to all the world where you carry your money, and throwing temptation in the way of the viciously disposed?"—"Temptation! *I* throw temptation?—what the deuce do you mean, sir, by your remark?"—"You have a large amount of money about you, my young but verdant friend," said the stranger. "Money! how do you know that, sir?"—"Don't get in a passion, and I will tell you all about it. You have a large amout of money concealed in the folds of your cravat, and it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to strip it off your neck and escape in the press, as we leave the cars to go on board the boat at Stonington." "Sir," replied our friend, "I frankly confess that you are right. But how did you find it out?" "By your manner of lifting your hand to your neck occasionally, as if to see that something was safe. This is the way that we pickpockets"—"Sir!"—"I am an ex-pickpocket at your service, sir; I was going to remark, it is by this means that we find out people, who are carrying money. They are continually feeling of the pocket, or belt, or cravat, where they have it concealed. Then there comes an unwary moment, when their attention is diverted, and the pickpocket and his confederates avail themselves of it. Not more surely can the geologist tell by the superincumbent signs, that this or that mineral is to be found here or there, than we can discover by the signs I have alluded to, where a man carries his money." "Sir," said our friend, "you are a gentleman and a scholar; I thank you for your caution, and wish you a good evening."

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA. The Liverpool Mercury announces the death of a soldier in Dublin by this terrible disease. In Warsaw its approach was looked for with great dread. A letter dated Oct. 17, says, "It has carried off three-fourths of the population of Karkow, whence it comes to us. Although this is the time of jubilee, the churches are filled at all hours. The wetness of the weather has destroyed the potatoes and wheat, both of which are rotting on the ground, and everything announces a cruel famine. Crowds of poor persons, scarcely clad in rags, throng the streets. The charity of private persons and of benevolent societies is quite insufficient." The Augsburg Gazette states, from Trieste, that the Cholera has broken out at Perecop, a distance of nearly 250 miles from Odessa.

LEAD IN PENNSYLVANIA. A lead mine which promises to become valuable, has been opened on the land of a farmer in Lancaster, Pa.

A NEAT PROCLAMATION.

I, WILLIAM OWSLEY, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY, in pursuance of the goodly growing custom of our land, do hereby set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November next, to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer throughout this Commonwealth.

Although an unhappy war still afflicts our country and has brought grievous misfortunes on many families in our midst, yet our blessings far outweigh our calamities, and call for abundant outpourings of gratitude and joy.

The blessings of health have abounded in our Commonwealth; the garners of our husbandmen have been filled; all classes of people have lived in plenty, and been enabled to give of their abundance to starving millions in foreign lands.

Then let the day of Thanksgiving be kept and honored by all. Let the merciful Providence which has blessed us be praised, and the prayers of the people go up for Divine favor henceforward; and let the generous and lovely charities of our people be brightened by acknowledgments of the Christian source from whence they spring.

AUGUSTA. Eighteen brick stores, of three and four stories, are to be erected here next season, besides more or less wooden ones.—Fifty dwelling-houses have been built the present year. There will probably be more the next. The work upon the railroad from Portland to this place is progressing smartly, all along the line. Large gangs are now employed between here and Hallowell, grading and doing the masonry. We understand the Huntress will ply from this place to Portland the next season, and probably the steamer Kennebec to Boston; if not, another will.—The new channel, made at the expense of Augusta, by the removal of sundry gravelbeds in this town and Hallowell, thus far affords ample depth of water, and it is thought will continue to. All branches of business are good here, affording full employ to a great number of persons. The population of the town has been greatly increased since the erection of the factories and mills upon the dam, enhancing the value of real estate, and affording a large market. It will not be long before our citizens will ask for a city charter.

[Journal.

FIRE. A barn belonging to Samuel Burnham of Lyman was destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week. Three cows and some other stock, together with carriages, farming utensils, and about ten tons of hay were consumed. We have not heard whether there was any insurance. [Saco Union.

DROWNED—At the Bar Mills is Hollis, on the evening of the 24th inst., Mr. Daniel Grant, aged 43 years. The body of the deceased has not yet been found. Whoever may find the same will confer a great favor to the mother and relatives of the deceased, by sending word immediately to Mr. Samuel McKinney, of Saco, and will be suitably rewarded. [Saco Democrat.

STRANGE CARELESSNESS. On Saturday last, says the New York New World, a little boy was sent out by a respectable family living in the upper part of this city, to bring a bundle of straw, and when he brought it home a horse pistol was found inside of it. There was several people in the room, and one after another snapped the pistol, till finally one of them aimed at a young woman; and, to the horror of all, the pistol went off. Its contents, several leaden slugs, took effect in her neck. Though seriously wounded, her physicians are of opinion that she will recover.

SWAPPING HORSES. An Indianian was traveling down the Ohio river in a steamer, with a mare and a two year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose puffing and blowing above the water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee-line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast.

"Let go the colt and hang on the mare," shouted his friends.

"Phree, boob!" exclaimed the man, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "It's all very well, you telling me to let go the colt, but to a man that can't swim, this aint exactly the time for swapping horses."

A SLOW COACH. A farmer residing at Burton, in the East Ward of Westmoreland, has been tampering with the feelings of a "young lady" in the same vicinity forty years, without as yet exhibiting any signs of bringing his labors to a matrimonial conclusion. The locomotive has been invented; the steamboat brought into play; our railway system developed; the electric telegraph introduced; penny postage devised and adopted; the rotten boroughs knocked on the head; and Catholics and Dissenters made eligible to the exciseman: while this dilly-dallying old farmer has been vainly trying to make up his mind to "pop the question." [Gateshead Observer.

WONDERFUL. At 11 o'clock and 55 minutes this forenoon, a message of *twenty-two* words was sent by magnetic telegraph to a firm in Wall street, New York. At 12 o'clock, an answer, comprising *twelve* words, had been received at the office in Court square, and was on its way to the person for whom it was designed. Thus it is seen, that in the short space of *five minutes*, a message was sent a distance of over *two hundred miles*, and an answer received back. [Boston Jour., 18th.

ELOPEMENT. Some excitement, in high circles, has been caused by a recent elopement of a young lady of the "upper ten," with an individual of the lower country. He had been forbidden the house, but love laughs at locksmiths, and owes much to the ropemaker.—The young lady escaped from the second story window by a bed cord, sought out the sighing swain, and—escaped. [Cincinnati Com.

FAT HOGS. The Lexington Observer is informed that Messrs Caldwell, Campbell, Fountain Ross and Peter Gentry, of Madison county, in that State, have raised, fatted and sold, six hundred and fifty-seven Hogs, none of them over nineteen months old, whose average weight was 375 pounds. They are now on their way to Cincinnati. Who can beat this?

TREASURY NOTES. We understand, says the Washington Union, from the best authority, that the treasury notes of the United States are 8 per cent. *advance* in the city of Mexico. This state of things is most fortunately calculated to benefit our schemes of finance. It will contribute to enable us to pay our expenses in that country upon more advantageous terms.

A RUNAWAY WIFE. A few days since, the wife of Mr. Mason Tucker, of Bangor, in company with her paramour, left the house of her husband, for parts unknown, taking with her all his money, clothing, &c. Mr. Tucker offers a reward of $20 for any information concerning her whereabouts. He describes her as a small woman, a little cross-eyed in her left eye, and is about 32 years of age. Information to be sent to Mr. Albert G. Hunt, of Bangor, or the City Marshall, of Boston. Papers will confer a favor by copying the above. [Bee.

OXFORD PIGS. Mr. Warren Hersey, of South Paris, has killed a pig six months and fourteen days old, that weighed when dressed, 283 pounds. Mr. Orra Hall has killed a hog, thirteen months old, that weighed when dressed, 490 pounds. James Deering also a hog that weighed 500 pounds. South Paris for great hogs—who can beat this?

[Norway Advertiser.

MURDERS. A farmer named Ezra Roberts Auckston, was robbed and murdered near Camden, opposite Philadelphia, last Saturday night. Twelve hundred dollars reward is offered for the arrest of the murderer.

A man named Curtis, was brutally murdered at West Farms, Westchester county, New York, last Sunday, by one Brady, a grog-seller. Brady is in prison.

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, *if I am spared!*"

ANOTHER SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CRAFT.—Captain Paine, of the ship Wakona, arrived at New Orleans, 15th inst., reports that on the 15th ult., 60 miles westward of Fayal, was chased by a suspicious looking topsail schr., showing Spanish colors, and her deck appeared to be crowded with men; the wind was blowing strongly from the N. E. at the time. After chasing the Wakona for upwards of an hour, he hauled his wind to the eastward and gave up the chase.

Generals Quitman and Shields are expected to arrive in Washington early in December.

SUDDEN DEATH. We regret to learn the sudden death of the Rev. Samuel Ripley, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Lincoln.—He had gone to the Depot in Concord, expecting some of his family to join him in the pleasures of Thanksgiving, and was found dead in his carriage, when it arrived at the Railroad depot. [Boston Transcript.

We understand that Stephen Libbey, the man who was lodged in the St. Andrews Jail last July for attempting to murder his wife, by cutting her in a most fiendish manner with an axe, has had his trial, and been acquitted on the plea of insanity, caused by a too free use of intoxicating liquor. [Calais Adv.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET. By an agreement of a large majority of the butchers and drovers, doing business at the Brighton Cattle Market, the weekly market day is to be changed from Monday to Thursday, commencing with Thursday, Jan. 6, 1848.

Six hundred thousand feet of lumber, and 76,000 shingles were destroyed by the recent fire at Topsham. The whole loss is about $15,000. Amount of insurance not yet known.

A writer on the Copper lands of Lake Superior, says that a new state is about to spring into existence, called Minesota, whose port of entry will embrace the extremity of Lake Superior. Excellent coal lands lie between that harbor and the Red River settlement.

SINGULAR. A workman in ivory at New York, recently found an English rifle bullet in the center of an elephant's tusk. It is presumable that it lodged there when the animal was quite young, especially as no trace of the passage of the bullet can be found, although a dark line or seam runs longitudinally in the neighborhood. The outer coat of the ball was much corroded.

HORRID MURDER. A correspondent of the Worcester Transcript, writing from Canaan, N. H., Nov. 23, gives us the following shocking intelligence:

"Some fourteen years ago, Capt. Elijah Whittier, living at the 'Summit,' four miles below here, killed a child of his with a gamb[rel]. He was arrested and tried, and finally, after a long inprisonment in Haverhill jail, set at liberty, because he at the time of doing the deed was considered insane. He has borne the name of 'Killbaby Whittier,' ever since.

"Last Saturday *morning*, he got up from his breakfast table, went to the door, and took another young child of his, two and a half years old, by the legs, and literally beat its brains out against the door-stone. He is to be tried for the deed, and will doubtless be acquitted as formerly."

A cargo of baby-jumpers was sent from Boston to Cuba a few days ago. In our juvenile days birch rods were the only baby-jumpers in use.

We saw, yesterday, some sweet potatoes raised on the farm of Mr. Tristam Little, Old Town, Newbury, Mass., which equal in flavor any we have seen raised in the Southern States. [Post.

FAT. Lieut. Thomas J. Myers, a printer, belonging to the Massachusetts Regiment, has resigned his commission, having "conquered a *piece* of Mexico," in the person of a young Spanish lady at Mon

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, The Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

THE GREAT VASSALL CLAIM.

Various articles have appeared in the newspapers recently, in relation to claims laid by certain persons to very extensive and valuable tracts of land in the State of Maine, belonging, in by-gone years, to the honorable and influential family of "Vassall." Suits are said to be pending, in the Courts of Me., and in the Supreme Court, at Washington, involving property to an almost incalculable amount, and disturbing titles and possessions which have been in a state of repose for nearly a century. After having read some account of these claims in an Eastern journal, we published, in the Atlas of the 3d instant, the following paragraph:—

"THE VASSALL CLAIM.—A suit is now pending in the Courts of Maine, which, if decided in favor of the plaintiff, who is said to be an officer in the British army, will vitiate the title to a large tract of land in Kennebec county, Lincoln and Somerset, to the amount of 25,000 acres, in thrivated farms. John Davis, Esq., formerly of Augusta, but now of Washington city, is a claimant; but his claim is not jointly with Webster, but in conflict with his. The Banner states the extent of these claims to be for a tract five miles long by one wide, in Pittston; another, fifteen miles long and one wide, commencing on Kennebec river, in Fairfield, embracing the great Low Farm, and running through Smithfield and Mercer, to the Sandy river; a tract of two miles in Bowdoin and Webster; besides large tracts in Windsor and Alna."

Among other articles on this subject, we also notice the following, from a recent letter of the Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:—

"INTERESTING LAW CASE.—The great Kosciusco Will Case, which has excited so much attention here, lately, is to be succeeded by another, of far greater interest and importance, relating to the Vassall estates in New England, and to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States, at the December term, in this city. The suit is brought by an heir of Lady Holland, but as she had only a life interest in the estate, and the statute of limitation interposes between her and the foreign heirs, generally, the property must, in consequence, descend to the citizen heir of the United States. The Vassall family is of French origin, and has been traced back to France in the 11th century. Some of them settled in Lombardy, Italy, and afterwards removed to London, and became quite distinguished for wealth and influence in that city. From this family descended the gallant John Vassall, an Alderman of London, who, in 1588, at his own expense, fitted out and commanded the ships of war, with which he joined the Royal Navy, to oppose the Spanish Armada. He had two sons, both of whom were among the original patentees of Massachusetts in 1628.

In the year 1766, his great grandson, Florentius Vassall, caused a monument to be erected in honor of his memory, in the King's Chapel, Boston. It is from the above named Florentius, that this immense estate is inherited. It includes one twenty-fourth part of the Kennebec Purchase, and embraces various tracts of land, of 5, 10 and 15 miles surface, lying in different counties of Maine, much like those which are held in Texas and Florida, the only States where such kingly grants have been made since the Revolution, and where such principalities are now held. General John Vassall Davis, of Washington city, to whom this property, though seldom adopting the middle name, is a lineal descendant of the Vassalls, being the son of Ruth Vassall, the grand niece of Florentius, in which connection he inherited a large estate in Boston many years ago, and shared with his "dinner table friends," whose name was Legion, and who, for many long years, partook of his generous hospitality and friendship. The General claims the whole of the New England estates in right of his heirship, and also in right of possession, which he has asserted for 30 years; and some of the settlers now hold these lands in fee from him, and remain undisturbed. Should the whole claim be adjudged to him, or his possessory right be established, or a compromise made by the settlers generally, it will make him and his family one of the wealthiest in New England. Dr. F. B. Page, of New Orleans, his son-in-law, and the Hon. Albert Smith, of Maine, are trustees of this estate."

We suppose that this great Vassall claim, like most of the wonderful stories which have been fabricated about immense hereditary fortunes of trans-atlantic origin, will turn out to be a mere bubble, which will, ere long, burst, to the discomfiture of the claimants. Our readers are not probably unaware that the name of Vassall is connected with the early history of Massachusetts. The family was one of the oldest and most respectable in this country. Besides large landed and personal property in this State, they had extensive and valuable possessions in the West Indies and in England. Previously to the departure of some of the branches of the family from this country, they had acquired, with their other property, large tracts of land in the State (then the District) of Maine. As those lands were considered, at that time—previously to the Revolutionary War—as nearly valueless, it is doubtful whether any specific disposition of them was ever made by their owners.

If the American descendants of the Vassall family can establish any claim to this great estate in Maine—now doubtless immensely valuable—there are others of them to share it, besides "John Davis, Esq., formerly of Augusta, but now of Washington City," or "General John Vassall Davis, of Washington City," as he is called by the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce.

Col. John Vassall, of Cambridge, one of the most wealthy and respectable branches of the family, was the son of Major Leonard Vassall, of the Island of Jamaica. He married Elizabeth, second daughter of the Hon. Spencer Phipps, Lieut. Governor of the Province of Massachusetts. His son, John Vassall, Esq., owned and occupied as his mansion-house, the estate in Cambridge, which afterwards became the headquarters of Washington, and which is now in the possession of our accomplished scholar and poet, Professor Longfellow, of Harvard University.

Ruth Vassall, the eldest daughter of Col. John Vassall, Esq., was married to Edward Davis, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Davis is still well remembered, by some among us, as an honorable and upright man, and a worthy man. For many years, he kept an insurance office in State street; and he lived, for more than half a century, on the estate in State street now occupied by the Tremont Bank.

John Davis, Esq., of Washington city, who is said to have roused up this dormant title, and to be seeking to possess himself of these immense tracts of territory in Maine, is the son of Edward Davis and Ruth Vassall; and this is, probably, the only title he has, to put himself forth as the sole representative of the Vassall family, in America. He is now before the world, as the claimant of a vast property, which has been, for a long time, in the possession and occupation of others.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce calls him General John Vassall Davis, and says he was christened so. We never heard, before, of his claim to the title of General, and we have the best possible authority for knowing that he was *not* christened John *Vassall* Davis, but simply *John Davis*. The Journal's correspondent, also, says that, as a descendant of Florentius Vassall, he has already inherited a large estate in Boston, many years ago. This is not true. The estate alluded to, is that of which we have already spoken, as having been so long occupied by his father, situated in State street, and now occupied by the Tremont Bank. That estate was conveyed, by John Vassall, Esq., by deed of gift, to his sister Ruth, and her husband Edward Davis, during their lives, and to go to their children at their deaths. Although it was abundantly proved to be the intention of the donor that all the children should share and share alike, yet the courts gave the estate, under some old English entailment law, to John Davis, in an action brought by him *against his own sisters*. This is all the property he ever inherited from the Vassall family, in Boston—and this came to him, not from Florentius, but from his uncle, John Vassall.

Our friend and predecessor in the editorial department of the Atlas, William Hayden, Esq., of this city, is also a descendant of the Vassall family. His mother was the daughter—and, consequently, he is the grand-son—of Edward Davis and Ruth Vassall. He and his family have, doubtless, as good a claim to any of the Vassall property that may be waiting for an owner, as has this said John Davis. We believe Mr. Hayden looks upon the whole subject of the claim as a mere matter of moonshine. [Boston Atlas.

DREADFUL MISTAKE. Dr. John Patten, of Donnellsville, Ohio, was killed recently by the accidental use of strychnia instead of *morphine*. He had a phial of each, both labelled properly, took a small quantity of strychnia upon the point of a pen-knife, and did not discover his mistake until he felt the effects of the poison.

MORE ALIENS. An Eastport schooner on Friday night, landed nine passengers illegally in Boston. The authorities are after them.

DEFRAUDING THE LABORER.

In a late Repository, (says the Argus) the organ of the Freewill Baptists in Maine, we notice a brief biography of Elder Joseph Boody, of Harwick, Mass. We make an extract, to show what sacrifices the Elder made forty years ago, that he might preach the Gospel. Is there such suffering and deprivation in Maine now among ministers? We think not. If there is we do not know of it. What would many of the preachers of the present day, think, if their labors of love were thus requited! Would they not faint by the way? We fear many of them would. But what shall we say of a people that could let a minister go thus unfed!! They ought to have covered their faces with shame. His preaching could not have touched their hearts, or they would have opened their hands to him and his suffering family. One and a half pounds of pork to be carried in a man's pocket eight miles to a starving family, as a reward for preaching the Gospel! For shame! We hope there are no such goings on in the states of New England in these latter days. Elder Boody says—

"Although it was very trying to be absent from home so much, leaving my wife more like a lonely widow than anything else, in a land of strangers far away from her native home, yet I would sacrifice all my earthly endearments, and would range the world to seek a Bride for Christ, and take care of the flock of God over which the Holy Ghost had made me an overseer. Depending upon these fair promises I pretty much abandoned labor, and traveled all the time, preaching from eight to ten sermons per week, with but little cessation, till the commencement of winter, at which time my health was much impaired, and I was lean as a hunting hound, and as poor as a heron.

Now came on cold winter with all its rigor, and the cold breath of old Boreas was too stern for my poor, emaciated, worn-out body to endure. However, I went out and gathered moss from the trees of the forest, and caulked up the cracks of my log cabin, and by chopping up the wood that was near my cabin, and bringing it on my shoulders, I kept a good fire, so that we could sit down and be comfortable, while within doors. But my mind was in a great trial. I had not received my clothing, meat, nor breadstuff, and we were almost destitute of provisions. And I was greatly disappointed, for I had nothing laid up in store for winter. My spirits sunk within me, and I knew not what course to take. And all that I ever received from these promises, was one and a half pounds of fresh pork, which a sister Hoit, in Cabot, sent my wife, and I carried home eight miles in my coat pocket! My wife, who never objected to my traveling, or repined at her lot, said to me one day, as we sat in our cabin, 'What are we going to do? We have no provisions on hand, and we have no means to get any, and I am ashamed to have a friend call on us, for we have nothing to set before them to eat.' At which we both shed tears, but cast no reflections, neither did we murmur at our lot. I then concluded to go to work at my trade, for I had no other way for a livelihood, and I went and borrowed some breadstuff, until I could replace it by the proceeds of my labor. (And in the winter of 1802, I was under the necessity of going to my father's home in New Durham, one hundred and twenty miles, and procured eighty-seven pounds of pork, of my father, which I carried to Hardwick, otherwise we must have been without meat through the following summer.)

Some people would put on a long face, and tell me that I had better wear out than rust out, and if I lived poor it would keep me from being lifted up, and seemed to intimate that if I went poorly clothed it would be a means of mortifying my pride, and if I went hungry it would keep me very humble! But I endured all this inconvenience and privation as well as I could, although it often produced many a bitter groan and falling tear. I used to labor and get something on hand to last the family a few weeks, and then take a journey off, sometimes to be gone from one to four weeks at a time, until the wants of my family would compel me to return home, and I often returned without a single ninepence in my pocket, and found my family almost destitute of all kinds of provisions, which would occasion me a sleepless night, thinking what course I should take to sustain us and our visiting friends.'

SWINDLERS TAKEN. The swindlers arrested at the West, for absconding from England last June, in the steamer Caledonia, were taken through the efforts of the officers despatched by the Lord Provost of Scotland. These officers arrived in Boston about five weeks since, and immediately called on Constable Clapp, who after visiting almost every hotel in the city, succeeded in ascertaining that at the time of their arrival they put up at the United States Hotel, and afterwards started for New York. With this information the English officers started off, and with the assistance of two New York officers, succeeded in catching the absconders, and better still, a large portion of their plunder. The amount they were supposed to have carried off was sixty thousand pounds, nearly three hundred thousand dollars; and their names, as stated in the N. Y. Herald, are, Andrew Pringle, of Haddington, Scotland, Joseph Thornton, of Leith, do., Samuel Stead, county of York, Eng., and John Davison, of Dudley Hill, New Bradford. [Boston Times.

LOUIS PHILLIPPE IN AMERICA. During the two years which I have spent in Paris with my Indian collection, my works have been highly approved by the King, for whom I have painted twenty-five pictures of American scenery and Indian life, which are to be placed in the Marine Gallery at Versailles. I have had several interviews with his Majesty, in all of which he has spoken familiarly of his several years of rambles in exile in America, in company with his two younger brothers. He has related to me many of the most extraordinary and pleasing incidents of his life, several of which happened while he was traveling in the western part of New York. They are full of interest as matters of history, and well adapted to the pencil. These scenes transpired during the King's travels from Erie to Buffalo, to the villages of the Seneca Indians, thence to Canandaigua, paddling his own canoe through Seneca Lake to Ithaca, thence on foot, with his knapsack on his back, to the Tioga river, where, having purchased an Indian canoe, he descended that river, and thence through the valley of Wyoming. He also traveled among the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and in a canoe descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. During all this route, he and his companions slept out under the open sky, and subsisted upon what they could collect from the rivers and forests. [Catlin's Letter.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND. A bearer of despatches from Washington City for Gen. Taylor, was landed at the Brazos on Sunday from the J. L. Day, arrived in this city same day, and pushed on post haste for his destination. One hundred and fifty teamsters arrived at the Brazos the day previous, from New Orleans, and *vamosed* by here yesterday morning for the same destination. This portends something. What is it? Has it at length been determined upon that Gen. Taylor shall move upon San Luis? It *looks* so, really—and rumor will have it that it *is* so, and that the despatches now going up, order the movement to be made immediately.

[Matamoras Flag, 3d inst.

HOGS. The Hog crop—as they call it—is coming forward from the west with considerable briskness. The Railroad conveys to the Baltimore market *one thousand* fat porkers daily from this place, and the books of the office show that *nine thousand eight hundred* more are, at the present time, registered for the same destination, and in squealing anxiety awaiting their turn. The region of the depot is nightly made vocal with their peculiar music. The cry is "still they come!"

[Cumberland Civilian.

ALL FOR LOVE. The strongest case of love and devotion of which we recollect to have heard, says an exchange, is that of a Kentucky gallant, who got into a hollow tree, where he lived a whole week, peeping through a knot hole at his true love, as she sat sewing bear-skins into petticoats, at her window.

MONEY.

The present monetary crisis in Great Britain and America has turned the attention of journalists to the discussion of money and commercial affairs. One of the questions, which has caused considerable discussion, is the standard value of gold and silver, and the fallacy of making those metals the standards of value. Any one who has considered the subject will see that the value which is fixed, by universal consent, upon these metals, is altogether arbitrary; and that, if the property and wealth of the world was, in fact, measured strictly by the gold and silver standard, that our "millionaires" would drop down to "fourpence half-pennies." Such being the fact, it follows, that, although they form what is called "the standard value," it is a fictitious standard, and one which owes its value to the general consent of the civilized world, rather than to any real intrinsic property of their own. This standard, also, is liable to fluctuation. It has been seriously considered whether the production of the gold mines of the Russian Czar would not, in time, have the effect to render gold of much less value than is now given to it. Were gold as plenty as iron, it would be of no more value than iron.

Without presuming to deprecate the specie basis of value on which the whole commercial and monetary affairs of the world rest—far less, to propose a substitute—we shall, in the succeeding remarks, briefly review the origin and progress of affairs in England, which led to the adoption of the present standard of value.

The science of political economy, which professes to teach the art of producing and distributing wealth, has given rise to as many parties in the State as there are sects in the Christian Church. But, notwithstanding all these varieties of opinion, it is certain that we have not yet attained—what is, perhaps, the most desirable thing in the world—a well-regulated, and well-understood currency; for we conceive no Government to have a proper currency, which does not receive, as legal tender, that which it pays out.

From the time of Henry the First, down to the establishment of the Bank of England—a period of 600 years—the legal tender money of England was fabricated out of wood, called an "Exchequer Tally." The King knew that, to demand taxes to be paid in gold and silver metals, which were not found in England, would have been as unjust, and as burthensome, as the cruel edict of Pharaoh, which commanded the Israelites to make bricks without straw. The King, accordingly, received his wooden tallies in payment for the taxes, at the same value which he had set upon them.

From the rude wooden tallies was derived the modern Exchequer Bill, first issued by Mr. Montague, then Chancellor of England, in 1696. It is curious to trace the etymology between the wooden and the paper instrument. The Norman French was the official and legal language of England, in the reigns of the Norman Princes, and in that tongue "Bille" meant "staff," and billet still signifies a small piece of wood; hence our word, "Bill." It is also of interest to examine and answer the question of "what is a Pound?"

In the reign of William the Conqueror, the pound of the account was a pound weight of silver, or twelve ounces. So that the weight of the metal corresponded with the denomination of the money. Time has changed all this; in the reign of Victoria, the pound is less than one-third what it was under the founder of the Norman line of Kings. Nevertheless, the old name and denomination is retained. That which was equal to sixty-two shillings, now only represents twenty shillings; our modern shilling is less than an ancient groat. The pound sterling of the Conqueror contained 576 grains of gold, that of Victoria only 123 grains. If a man owed, in 1066, a pound sterling, he owed twelve ounces of silver; but he who owes a pound in 1847, owes a trifle less than four ounces. In France, the change has been more remarkable than in England; there the livre, or pound, originally contained twelve ounces of silver, now it only represents one franc, or about twenty cents.

In 1345, Edward the Third coined the gold *Noble*, which was then the proper gold pound, and it represented in bullion £3 12s. 10d. of modern money. Since then it has been altered eighteen times, and is now reduced to one pound, or twenty shillings. No longer ago than Elizabeth's reign, (1601) the pound sterling contained 172 grains of gold.

The Funding system of England commenced in the Revolution of 1688, when the Exchequer Tallies were called in and funded. Here commenced the national debt of England. This method of anticipating revenue, converting what could not be paid into a permanent debt, upon which interest was to be paid, was practiced in the 16th century, by the Venetians, Genoese, and by Holland. It had its origin in expensive wars.

The Bank of England was incorporated in 1694. It lent the Government £1,200,000, and thus purchased the monopoly of coining, depriving the crown of its privilege. [Atlas.

WELL AGAIN! We are rapidly recovering from our late severe illness, and hope next week to be able to resume our editorial duties, without interruption. As it may be a benefit to our readers, we take this opportunity to state that the sole cause of all the illness we have suffered, during the last year, has been *the use of water pumped from a well through a lead pipe*. With almost every particle of food and drink we have taken into our system, for more than a year, we have taken by this means, small particles of one of the worst mineral poisons; and the result has been days and weeks of the most intense suffering. In some constitutions this poison does not act for a long time, and upon some no ill effects are observable for years. Yet we think the risk is too great to justify any one, who has regard for his health or that of his family, to use water that has been in contact with lead. A friend of ours has entirely lost the use of his hands, from the same cause, and been unable even to hold a pen for more than five months; and we could cite many similar cases. We trust, however, that a word to the wise will be sufficient. [Christian Citizen.

ENLISTMENT OF INTOXICATED RECRUITS. The Superior Court of New York, in the case of Henry Pinkham, have decided that an enlistment in the army, while the recruit is in a state of intoxication, is not valid. The complainant in this case is of a respectable family, and was a clerk in a wholesale store, at a salary of over $600 a year, and being intoxicated was induced to enlist and sign the roll, but was not paid his bounty money. He was unable to step upon the platform to be measured, through intoxication, but was assisted and supported there until measured.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT. A melancholy accident occurred on Wednesday morning last, on the line of the Concord Railroad, between Hooksett and Manchester. It was, in substance, a collision between two gravel trains, by which *four* Irish laborers were killed outright; several others so injured as to make their deaths probable, together with some who were severely maimed. One of the latter was brought to Concord for surgical treatment. The workmen on the two trains belonged mostly in Manchester.

[Concord Statesman.

SHIPPING CHILDREN IN BARRELS. New York papers contain an account of three children, three, five and seven years old, being found on board the ship Liverpool, of whom neither the captain nor officers had any knowledge. It was afterwards ascertained that the mother of the children lives in Ireland, and the father in this country. The former smuggled the children on board the ship in barrels, and then left them to the tender mercies of the steerage passengers, who supplied them with food as best they could. The New York Commercial says that they arrived safely, and seem contented and happy at the prospect of seeing their father, with which, perhaps, release from confinement had something to do.

DEATH FROM JOY. A German named Henry Sach, who arrived at New York on Thursday, 18th inst., accidentally met his brother from whom he had been some time separated, which caused him such excessive joy and excitement, that he burst a blood vessel in the chest, and died in a few minutes.

MARKETS.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.		PROVISIONS.	
Pot,	4 @ 6	Pork, round hogs,	
BEANS,			7 @ 8
White,	1 00 @ 1 25	Clear salt do.	11 @ 12½
Pea,	1 25 @ 1 50	Beef, ox,	5 00 @ 5 50
FLOUR,	7 25 @ 8 00	do. cow,	3 50 @ 4 50
GRAIN,		Butter,	15 @ 16
Corn,	85 @ 95	Lard,	11 @ 12
Oats,	42 @ 45	Cheese,	7 @ 9
Wheat,	1 10 @ 1 25	Mutton,	3 @ 4
Rye,	1 15 @ 1 25	Chickens,	7 @ 8
Barley,	50 @ 60	Geese,	4 @ 5
Peas, field,	1 00 @ 1 05	Eggs,	15 @ 17
HAY, loose,	7 50 @ 9 00	Apples, dried,	0 @ 5
SEED,		do. cooking,	35 @ 40
Clover,	8 @ 9	do. winter,	00 @ 00
Flax seed,	1 00 @ 1 00	Potatoes,	35 @ 50
H. Grass,	3 00 @	MEAL,	
Red top,	50 @ 1 00	Indian,	@ 1 00
PLASTER PARIS,		Rye,	00 @ 1 25
Per ton,	0 00 @ 6 00	WOOL,	
LIME,		Fleece,	25 @ 30
Thomaston, new ins.		Pulled,	22 @ 26
	90 @ 90	Woolskins,	30 @ 50

BOSTON MARKET, Nov. 29.

FLOUR.—Genesee, common brands, is quick at $6,30; Ohio and Michigan, $6,18¾ @ $6,25, cash.

GRAIN.—Sales of yellow flat at 79 @ 80c; round yellow at 81c; white and western, mixed, 75 @ 76c. Northern oats, 56c; Eastern do, 53c, cash.

HAY.—Country Hay, per 100 lbs., 85 @ 95c; Screwed Hay, per cargo and ton, $14,50 @ $15,00; at retail, per hundred, 75 @ 80c.

WOOL.—American full blood,	40 @ 42½
¾	35 @ 37½
½	30 @ 32
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ⅌ lb	47 @ 50
Smyrna, washed,	18 @ 21
Do. unwashed,	10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres,	06 @ 15
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs'	35 @ 37½
No. 1, Lambs'	30 @ 32
No. 2,	18 @ 20
No. 3,	09 @ 12

BRIGHTON MARKET, Nov. 22.

At Market, 1450 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 2300 Sheep, and 900 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—We reduce our quotations to conform to sales—extra $6,25 @ $6,30; first quality $5,50; second $5,25 @ $5,50; third $4,00 @ 4,50.

STORES.—Two years old, $12 @ $18; three years old, $22 @ $35.

SHEEP.—Sales quick at $1,62, $1,75, $2,50 and $3,00.

SWINE.—Old hogs 5½c; ordinary 5c; Shoats to peddle 6½c; several small lots to close, 4½. At retail from 5 to 6c.

☞ We know of no Medicine so deserving of the confidence of the public, as Dr. Sherman's Ossanolin, or All-Healing Balsam. It has stood the test of experience, having been used in private practice for more than fifteen years past, and has effected more cures in apparently hopeless cases of pulmonary diseases, than any other medicine that has ever been discovered. It has been given under the inspection of physicians, in the public institutions of the city of New York, and has been found to answer the purpose for which it was intended, viz: to cure diseases. It has been used by the young and the old, and all who have ever tried it tell but one story concerning its effects. We have before us the testimony of New York editors, not only given publicly in their papers, but their own cases are related, together with what they have witnessed. We have no reason to doubt the veracity of their statements. They have been cured of long continued and harrassing coughs by its use, and have seen asthma of the most discouraging kind yield quickly to its influence. Even consumption in its terrible form, has given way under the use. With this mass of testimony before us, we cannot refrain from recommending it as a most valuable remedy. Consumptive reader, whoever you may be, try it; it will not hurt you; it may prolong your days. Or, if you are afflicted with asthma, we assure you that you can find no remedy like it.

☞ Sold at 25 cents a bottle, enough to take three days, and $1 a bottle, with a pamphlet of testimony, &c.

Sold by J. E. LADD, Augusta; H. J Selden & Co., Hallowell; A. T. Perkins, Gardiner; Stanley & Prince, Winthrop; by one agent in every town in N. E. States. 30

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In Winthrop, on Thanksgiving day eve, by the Rev. B. F. Robbins, Mr. Otis Williams, Printer, to Miss Jerusha W. Robbins, Printeress, all of Winthrop. [This was really and literally a Maine Farmer's wedding. Mr. Williams (who is now engaged in farming) and his bride were formerly employed in the Maine Farmer office; the clergyman who officiated was formerly a proprietor of the Farmer, and the Editor, of course, looked on to see the knot securely tied. A long, useful, fruitful, and happy life to the loving couple; and while the careful husband rises to the labors of his farm, cheered by the morning song of the early *Robbins*, may the fair bride, her bosom adorned with sprigs of *Sweet Williams*, make his home a rural paradise. May the *proofs* of their united labors be issued annually in *double pica*, with *broad margins*, and the heads of the *chapters* well set with *small caps*.]

In this town, November 25th, by J. J. Eveleth, Esq., Mr. James Perkins to Miss Elvira F. Wade

In Bangor, by George W. Snow, Esq., Mr. John A. Marston to Miss Amanda D. Wentworth.

In China, by James B. Haskell, Esq., Mr. Albert Haskell, to Miss Elizabeth A. Lancaster.

In New Sharon, Dr. Parmenas Dyer to Miss Hannah W. Baker.

In Thomaston, Mr. Lorenzo Carver to Miss Catharine Willis.

In Skowhegan, Mr. George W. Robinson to Miss Nancy H. Mathews.

In Gardiner, Mr. Benjamin F. Eveleth to Miss Harriet Stone; Mr. Peleg S. Robinson to Miss Elizabeth Jewett.

In Skowhegan, Mr. William Swain to Miss Adaline Worthley.

In China, Mr. Wm. Stevens of Gardiner, to Miss Mary P. Maxfield.

In Paris, Mr. Wm. P. Buck to Miss Mary A. Tubbs of Norway.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, November 20th, Jacob Morse, a revolutionary soldier, formerly of New Hampshire, aged about 93.

In Mercer, November 17th, Eunice B., wife of T. M. Atkinson, aged 37.

In Corinth, 17th instant, Sally, relict of the late Benj. Allen, aged about 78. [Hallowell papers please copy.]

In Philadelphia, on the 16th instant, Josiah Andrews, Esq., of Perry, N. Y. Mr. Andrews was a native of this town, and son of Major Mark Andrews. He had long been in feeble health, and had recently left his home in Perry for a Southern climate, and was found dead in his lodgings at Philadelphia, from bleeding at the lungs.

In Gardiner, Lucy, daughter of R. H. Gardiner, Esq., aged 25; Miss Jane Hill, formerly of Portland, aged 63 years 10 months.

In New Sharon, Juliet G. Smith, aged 20.

In Bangor, Mary C., wife of Capt. Truxton Doughtery, aged 36.

In Bath, Susan M., wife of William Foote, aged 56.

In Lisbon, Willard Metcalf, aged 23; Elizabeth, wife of Addison Metcalf, aged 46.

In Skowhegan, Rhoda, relict of the late Samuel Squire, aged 75.

In Thomaston, Patience A., wife of Cyrus Winslow, aged 30.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST.

ARRIVED.

November 28, Schr. Waterville, Gove, Boston.
Odd Fellow, Beals, do.

CLEARED.

November 22, Schr. Catharine, Rogers, Boston.
27, Advent, Hoyt, Trinidad.
Mary Ann, Gove, Boston.
Jane, Stinchfield, do.

CASH AND PRODUCE WANTED.

GEO. F. COOKE, *opposite the Franklin House*, has received a new supply of CHOICE Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Spices, Lamp Oil, Lard, Soap, Candles, Nuts, Raisins, Grapes, Sweet Potatoes, Onions, Cranberries, &c. &c.

Also, Stout Sheetings, Ticking, Drilling, Red Flannel, Cotton Flannel, Prints, Cotton Yarn, Comforters, and a large variety of other Goods, all of which were selected expressly for the RETAIL TRADE, and are warranted to be of the best quality. Give him a call.

N. B. Wanted as above, in exchange, 2000 lbs. Dried Apple, 500 bu Beans, 1000 bu Oats, 100 bu Corn, and 500 pairs all wool Socks. 4m48 Augusta, Dec, 1847.

THE CULTIVATOR,

A monthly Agricultural paper, illustrated with Engravings of Domestic Animals, Farm Buildings, Improved Implements, &c.

NEW SERIES—VOL. V FOR 1848.

FOURTEEN YEARS have now elapsed since "The *Cultivator*" was commenced by the lamented JUDGE BUEL, and during that period it has become known in all parts of the Union, and to some extent in other countries. Its character is so well established that no self-commendation is necessary to its reputation. It is sufficient to say that its pages are a repository of facts, derived from the best practical and scientific farmers at home and abroad. In the extent and variety of its contents, in the number and beauty of its illustrations, as well as in its cheapness considering its size, it is without a rival.

In usefulness and popularity, it is believed that this work has been fully sustained each succeeding year, and it is confidently hoped that the Volume for 1848 will, in interest and value, compare favorably with any which has preceded it.

The first, second, third, and fourth volumes, new series, for 1844, 1845, 1846, and 1847, can be furnished to all new subscribers—price, stitched in printed covers, $1 each—bound, $1,25. Each of these volumes contains contributions from over 300 correspondents, and is illustrated by 100 engravings.

The *First Series of "The Cultivator,"* consisting of 10 volumes quarto, commencing in 1834, and terminating with the year 1843, constitutes a *Farmer's Library* of the most comprehensive kind. Embodying, as these volumes do, the practice of numbers of the best farmers in every section of our country, it is believed no work can be found from which the information in all its details, so necessary for the American farmer, can be obtained so perfectly, or at so little cost as from the Cultivator. The first four volumes are furnished, stitched, at fifty cents each, and the remainder at $1 each—making the price of the series of 10 volumes, $8—from which the usual deduction will be made to Agents.

☞ Postmasters, and friends of agricultural improvement generally, are respectfully invited to act as Agents for the Cultivator. All subscriptions may be sent by mail at the publisher's risk. LUTHER TUCKER, *Publisher.*

☞ Subscriptions received at the Maine Farmer office.

Albany, N. Y., November, 1847. 48

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, a large lot just received and for sale by the box or single bottle by E. FULLER.

FRESH Grapes and Raisins, just received by 48 EBEN FULLER.

FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, just received and for sale by the gross, dozen, or single bottle, by 48 EBEN FULLER.

WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills, and Brandreth's do. just received and for sale by the dozen or single box by 48 EBEN FULLER.

HAY, STRAW, AND CORN STALK CUTTER.

THE CYLINDER Hay, Straw, and Corn Stalk Cutters, combining the latest improvements, and are decidedly the strongest and best Machines now in use.—Thus improved, these Machines possess several important advantages:

1st—The knives being straight, are more easily ground or sharpened than spiral knives.

2d—They can be replaced by any blacksmith when worn out.

3d—The knives are made heavier, and attached to the cylinder, without aloats or screws, confined at both ends and supported in the middle in a manner much stronger and less complicated. Thus leaving the strength of the knives unimpaired, and avoiding the great liability to twist, cripple, and break.

4th—The hide roller, when used with straight knives properly set, will last much longer than when used with the spiral knife.

All sizes for sale at wholesale and retail at very low prices by RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, at their *Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Quincy Hall, over the Market, Boston.* 3m48 Nov. 20th.

CORN SHELLERS.

CLINTON'S CORN SHELLERS will shell faster and cleaner than any other machine, are not liable to get out of order, and are very durable. For sale at reduced prices, by RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, at their *Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, over the Market, Boston.* 48 2m

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of EDWARD MATHEWS, late of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM MATHEWS.

Waterville, Nov. 1, 1847. 48

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of ISRACHAR SNELL, late of Augusta, in the Co. of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to THOMAS SNELL.

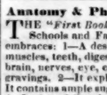
Persons who are indebted to the estate may settle the same at the office of J. W. BRADBURY, without cost, if attended to in a reasonable time.

November 29, 1847. 48

SARSAPARILLA of the various kinds, such as Townsend's, Kelly's, Sands', Brown's, Bull's, Sherman's, &c., just received and for sale by EBEN FULLER.

10 BBLS. superior bl'ched winter Whale Oil, just received and for sale by EBEN FULLER.

No. 11. BOOTS & SHOES. No. 11.



THE subscribers take this method to render their thanks to the public for their liberal patronage, and invite their attention to their Fall Stock of Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Fine BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS. Also, constantly on hand, Mens', Boys' and Children's THICK BOOTS, manufactured at Winthrop, expressly for our retail trade and WARRANTED, for sale at **No. 11 Arch Row**, third door North of Augusta Bank. CALL AND SEE. E. HASKELL & CO.

Augusta, Nov. 8, 1847. 45

EDWARD T. INGRAHAM,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.
Office No. 3 North's Block, Water Street.

BUCKWHEAT.

S. PAGE & CO. have just received, direct from N. Y., a few bags of new hulled BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, which will be sold low. *Hallowell.*

BOX and CASK RAISINS, new fruit; Citron, Currants and Spices of all kinds, for sale by
Hallowell, Nov., 1847. S. PAGE & CO.

PURE BLEACHED WINTER SPERM OIL, a very superior article, for sale low by S PAGE & CO.
Hallowell, November, 1847. 45

Anatomy & Physiology for Common Schools.

THE "*First Book on Anatomy and Physiology,*" for Schools and Families, by CALVIN WARREN, M. D., embraces:—1. A description of the structure of the bones, muscles, teeth, digestive organs, lungs, heart, blood vessels, brain, nerves, eye, ear, &c., illustrated by 84 beautiful engravings. 2—It explains the uses of the several parts. 3—It contains ample suggestions for the preservation of health. 4—It gives full and clear directions for the treatment of accidental injuries, as, the recovery of persons apparently drowned, stopping of bleeding vessels, treatment of burns and wounds, &c. This book is the best work for families as well as schools. This work is used in the schools of more than 100 towns in Massachusetts, and is recommended by superintendents of schools in thirty counties in the State of New York.

For sale by E. FENNO and D. C. STAKWOOD, Augusta; Sanborn & Carter, Portland; and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston. ☞ *Price only 38 cents.*

PATENT SHINGLE MACHINE.

THE subscriber having received letters patent for an improvement in the SHINGLE MACHINE, is now ready to furnish them at short notice, and he would request those in want to call on him and examine the *great* improvement which he has made in the Machine for sawing shingles. By his improvement, one-eighth more Shingles can be sawed in the same given time, than by any other machine now in use on the old plan. The above Machines are warranted, or no sale. ISRAEL G. JOHNSON.
Augusta, Maine, April 17, 1847. 1y15

Ladies, call and see.

HALL & HASKELL have just received 500 yds *bleached Cottons*, 24 yds wide, which they will sell cheap, at No. 7, Union Block, Augusta. 44 November 1.

CARPETS—CARPETS—a new assortment of every description, just received at No. 7 Union Block, by
November 1, 1847. 44 HALL & HASKELL.

PATENT IMPROVED SAFETY FUSE; Powder, Shot Caps and Flints, for sale by EBEN FULLER.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

BY License from the Hon. W. EMMONS, Judge of Probate, in and for the county of Kennebec, the subscriber will sell at Public Auction, on the premises, on the **8th day of December next**, at 10 o'clock A. M., so much of the Real Estate of DAVID SAWTELLE, late of Sidney, deceased, as will raise the sum of five hundred and seventy-five dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower, if necessary. Also a Pew in the Methodist Meeting House in Winslow. HENRY B. BLACKMAN, *Adm'r.*
Sidney, November 8, 1847. 45

**Bonn

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

THE MECHANIC.

BY B. HALLECK.

Mechanics! whose toil is the wealth of a nation,
Whose breasts are its bulwarks when danger is nigh—
Though humble your lot, and despised your vocation,
You have honor and worth that the world cannot buy,
The minions of wealth may affect to despise you,
Pronouncing you ignorant, sordid, and base,
But the moment will come, that shall teach them to prize you,
The scorn they have written, themselves shall erase.

Not theirs is the hand that can turn back the billow
That threatens to sweep o'er our altars and homes;
They may live in the breeze that but plays with the willow,
But woe unto them, when the hurricane comes,
They must call upon you in the moment of danger,
When the war-banner spreads its red folds to the air,
When our homes are assailed by the hands of a stranger,
And valleys re-echo with cries of despair.

Where of Rome's faded grandeur her ruins are telling,
Where Athens' proud temples reflect back the sun,
In Palmyra's streets—now the jackal's stone dwelling—
Are recorded the triumphs by industry won.
There is not a nation where science has flourished,
There is not a land that the arts have adorned,
But your valor has guarded—your industry nourished—
Through glory and shame—though degraded and scorned.

Your labor in peace, like a bright living fountain,
Sends rivers of wealth to replenish the earth,
And in war, like the storm-beaten rock of the mountain,
You ward off the blast from the land of your birth.
But when peace, like the sun, o'er your country is shining,
For the wealth you bestow they repay you with sneers,
And the wounds you have borne in her cause unrepining,
Ingratitude bathes with adversity's tears.

When the herald of fame, in the annals of story,
The deeds of a hero proclaims through the land,
The monuments raised to emblazon his glory,
And the deeds they record—are the works of your hand.
But what your reward when the conflict is ended?
Or where is your niche in the temple of fame?
The laurels you won with another's are blended,
And darkness still rests on the artizan's name.

Yet bow not your hearts to the proud man's reviling,
More noble in sorrow, than he in his pride;
At each mark of disdain with true dignity smiling,
Your acts will rebuke when your lot they deride.
Let hope cheer your path, the despised and neglected,
Be virtue your shield when temptation is nigh;
By honor's bright code, be your actions directed,
Deserve and demand the respect they deny.

For ages you languished in darkness and sorrow,
Toiling on—for the wealth that another must reap;
Each day of regret but the type of to-morrow;
As wave reflects wave, in their race o'er the deep.
But one after one, your chains have been riven,
And the day-star of Hope from the horizon rose;
When the star-spangled flag to Columbia given,
Called the children of toil 'neath its shade to repose.

Then high be your aim, for the portals of glory,
By freedom unbarr'd, now disclose to the view
A tablet, whereon to emblazon your story,
An urn for the tears to your memory due.
When your country's proud star, thro' futurity shining,
Beams bright with the deeds that her children have done,
May the loveliest wreath round her diadem twining,
Be that which her toil-worn mechanics have won.

The Story-Teller.

HOME EDUCATION.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"Come, Kitty, you must stir about lively to-day—there's baking to do, the front to clean, and dinner to get, besides a host of other things; and after all's done I want you to take the children to the square for a couple of hours this afternoon."

"Yes, mam, I'll try to get through in time, though I don't feel quite as smart as common this morning, as I was up so late last night ironing."

"Now, Kitty," said Mrs. Makedoo, "that's the very time to work, when you don't feel like it—make that a rule through life, and you will always find yourself doing something you don't like to; it will be such a satisfaction to know how much you can accomplish in that way."

"The dear knows," said Kitty, "I've had to practice that hard rule from necessity long enough, but what shall I do about bringing down the breakfast tray, as Miss Araminta has not breakfasted ?"

"So she hasn't Kitty, and I guess I might as well run up and wake her now, as it's ten o'clock. Poor thing, she came home so late last night from the party, that I told her to sleep as long as she could this morning; I really wonder if the dear girl ever gets well rested; I'll go and see if she wants her toast and coffee in her room." With these remarks, the doating mother ascended the staircase on her errand of inquiry.

In the meanwhile Kitty makes loud and impatient music with her pots and kettles, and thus soliloquises—

"Yes, baking to do, dinner to get, the front to clean, it's all mighty easy talking; then when my fine lady gets up, *she's* got to be waited on; very likely she'll send me on some errand to the milliner's, and when I come back she'll want a dress pressed in a minute, to walk out in. Yes, Kitty can do it, it's nothing for Kitty, but I guess if she had Kitty's weak back and tired feet, she'd lay abed a week and send me for the Doctor—"

"Kitty," screamed her mistress at the top of her voice from the head of the stairs.

"Mam."

"Are there any eggs in the house ?"

"No mam; (there it is again, now I just wonder what they want with eggs this time a day.")

"Step out somewhere, Kitty, and buy a few; Araminta thinks she could eat one on her toast."

"Yes, mam; but how can I leave the bread that's just ready to bake ?"

"Oh! be right quick, Kitty, and the bread won't suffer."

Away went the distracted housemaid for the eggs, and when she returned she cooked one and took it up to the young lady's room, where she had the satisfaction of hearing from that individual that it wasn't half done; and more than that, she had waited so long that her appetite was all gone and she could not bear the sight of it.

Well, after much labor, the work was pretty well through with, and dinner served at the usual hour. Araminta managed, with the help of her mother, to dress herself, and thereby was enabled to make her appearance in the dining-room with her heavy blue eyes and dress to match, about the time of her father's entrance; her appetite being unusually good, she contrived to smell a bit of roast beef, and succeeded in eating three Lima beans, after gracefully taking the skin off of each one. "Pa," said she very languidly, "I heard some one at the party last night speaking of a delightful ghost story—Hamlet, I believe, is the name of the man that saw the spectre, and I do wish you would get it for me; if it is in two volumes you needn't mind about it though, as I should never get time to read it—who knows but what it is as interesting as Dombey ?"

"It would not be to *you*," replied her father, very gravely.

"Then don't trouble yourself about it, Pa. You know *my* taste, and can easily judge, but I do wish another number of Dombey would come—I'm so anxious to know if sweet Florence has heard from her beau, Walter Gay, and if he ever intends to come back again; where was it he went Pa, to Mexico ?"

"Mexico, fiddlesticks, child! no, he went to the Indies, and I know where I have a notion to send you."

"O where, Pa? this is delightful weather for travelling."

"To school," replied her impatient father, "for you mortify me to death with your stupidity. However, your mother tells me to-morrow will be your eighteenth birth-day, and I suppose you will expect a handsome present. Now, as you have an idea of being married before a great while, 'tis quite time you understand the practical part of housekeeping, and my gift to you shall be either a good sized broom, or a scrubbing-brush, which I shall insist on your using."

But Araminta had fainted before the conclusion of his sentence.

"Only see what you have done," exclaimed his wife, as she ran in haste to her daughter's assistance.

"Don't disturb yourself," said her husband, "she has only fainted, and I'll warrant she comes too in time for this evening's concert. If she would take more healthful exercise she would hardly stop the circulation at so short a notice;" and with this consoling speech, Mr. Makedoo went to his counting-house. Kitty was called again to bring the Cologne bottle and fan from Araminta's room, beside other jobs which left little time for the kitchen department; but by dint of hard labor and perseverance, she found time to take the children a walking and then hurried home to get supper.

At the tea table, Mr. Makedoo said the bread was sour. The blame, as usual, rested on Kitty, who was immediately summoned to account for it. When she made her appearance, she gave a piteous detail of the morning—how she had to do many errands after the bread was all ready for baking, that she could not help it.

Her mistress said that was no excuse whatever, as she might have hurried more than she did, and then the bread would have been sweet and good.

Mr. Makedoo looked frowningly at his wife and daughter. "Susan," said he to the former, "it Araminta had at least been taught to wait on herself a little, and give some slight assistance in the house, Kitty would not be thus imposed on; as it is, you have absolutely ruined your child; yet if you would dress her less foolishly and expensively, you would then find yourself able to keep more help on your own account."

His wife put her laced pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and his daughter was looking for a convenient place to swoon, and for fear of another scene, the unhappy husband and father left the apartment.

Mrs. Makedoo went below to give that lazy Kitty, as she termed her, a complete blowing up.

"It seems to me, Kitty, you complain a great deal about nothing—pray, where did you live before you came here?"

The poor girl being fairly roused, replied that she lived with Mrs. Harris, who was something like a lady, and never expected too much from her.

"I used to know her very well, pray why did you leave her?"

"Because her oldest daughter had left school, and she said she wished her to learn to work; but while there was so much help in the house, she hadn't half a chance; so as Nancy, the other girl, had been there longer than I had, she sent me away with kind words and useful presents."

"I can't think," answered Mrs. Makerdoo, "that Mrs. Harris would do so ungenteel a thing as to oblige her daughter to do housework; and I'll call there soon and find out for myself."

True to her word, Mrs. Makedoo called to see Mrs. Harris on the following Tuesday, and Lucy Harris, the eldest daughter, answered the bell; which somewhat shocked her ideas of "propriety." "Why, Lucy dear," she said, "how flushed you look—have you a fever, or what is the matter?"

Lucy, radiant with health and good humor, said she was entirely well, but had been ironing all the morning, and as Nancy was sweeping the third story, she told her she would tend to the bell in her abscence.

Mrs. Harris now entered the parlor, and Lucy, after excusing herself, returned to her work.

"How do you do, my dear Susan," said Mrs. Harris, cordially, shaking her hand to her welcome guest.

"I am very well, I thank you, Mary."

"And how is Araminta and the children?"

"O, dear, the children are well, but troublesome as usual, though I don't know much about them. Araminta is often dull, and has no appetite at all. Poor thing, as Mrs. Chick said of old Dombey's first wife, I fear she will never be able to make an effort. 'Tis hardly worth while to ask after Lucy, she looks so very rosy, almost too much so to suit my taste; by the way, I heard from my Kitty that you had put her to work, and one reason for my calling was to know the truth of it—have you really done such an out of the way thing?"

"I am very happy to answer in the affirmative, Susan; when she left school, her occupation seemed gone; she became listless and languid; her appetite left her, and in our anxiety we consulted a physician in regard to her health. He told us the best thing for her was daily and regular exercise, though moderately at first until her strength could bear more.—So, after Mr. Harris and myself had talked the matter over, I dismissed one of the girls and went hand in hand for awhile with Lucy to encourage her. She now makes all the beds in the house before breakfast, sweeps the chambers occasionally, always helps iron the clothes, and frequently assists in cooking, you must drink tea with us soon and taste some of her bread, it is so delicious."

"But don't she dress herself in her best, and walk out every day?—my Araminta could not exist without that."

"She is always neat in her dress, but seldom walks out merely for a promenade. She is interested in every household department, and has sufficient exercise in-doors for her health. Her appetite and spirits are both good, and we are glad that we had the firmness to make her useful and happy; her needle, too, is not idle, as I am frequently indebted to her for much assistance with the children's garments."

"What will Araminta think of all this?" said Mrs. Makedoo; "why, Mary, we only keep one girl, though I often think there's enough work in the house for two; but it never entered my head to call on my daughter for help. Dear me, she is the one most waited on in the family."

"I hope you will be encouraged, Susan, to do as I have done, and bestow a little of the care on her that your mother bestowed on you; for fashionable as you have become, you cannot disguise the truth that you were taught to work as well as me. Do you remember when we lived neighbors in the country, the many useful lessons our mothers gave us; and when our present husbands courted our favor, do you suppose they thought the less of us for being industrious?"

"It is different in a city, Mary."

"The difference, Susan, is only in our own minds, and arises from false pride. I have chosen to stick to *first principles*, believing it will save my child much unhappiness in future. The fate of nations depends, in a great measure, on a mother's training; and parents cannot be too much alive to their great responsibilities. I beg you will consider this subject deeply, and pray for right wisdom to direct you."

"Mrs. Makedoo had listened in silence.—Then her thoughts went back to her childhood's home, beautiful and refreshing to her memory, as to herself when her innocent thoughts and childish sports had made an Eden of that secluded spot; when the gay song of the early birds awakened her from health-breathing slumbers, and she arose with the dawn, light-hearted and happy, to perform her daily duties; trifling they were, perhaps in reality, but rendered important and regularly exacted by a mother anxious for her daughter's welfare, and ever watchful to direct her youthful footsteps in the way that brings peace here and happiness in the world to come; alas! alas! where stood she now? It seemed as though all those early lessons and sweet counsels had been buried in the grave of her departed mother. The rank weed had come up and smothered the young buds of promise; how, thought she, have I fulfilled the trust toward the immortal soul committed to my care. The ways of high life in a fashion-bound city have blinded my judgment and better knowledge; my child has grown up beneath my eye ignorant of all that truly ennobles and exalts our natures—vanity and love of dress the only aim of her existence."

"'Tis too late now, Mary," said Mrs. Makedoo, as she rose in haste to take her departure, "'tis too late to undo the deep injury I have done my daughter; if she lives she will have plenty of trouble, like the rest of us; and in her trials she will perhaps, and justly, too, blame her mother for not teaching her better how to meet and how to bear it. I will go home and talk to my husband, I know his heart will gladden at the prospect of a reform in this matter; he will encourage me to do what is yet in my power for Araminta—and I promise you, my dear Mary, to try and take the rest of my children in good season for their improvements."

Mothers, who read this, go ye and do likewise.

[From the Star Spangled Banner.]

A TRAGIC INCIDENT
Of the Bombardment of Vera Cruz.

BY PETER RAMROD, U. S. A.

Just as I was sighting one of the guns of my battery on the first day of the attack, I heard my name called by one at my side, and looking up I saw G——, a young midshipman, whose activity and officer-like conduct I had noticed at the time of our landing, when he had charge of a cutter which aided in putting us on shore.

He seemed very much excited; his dark eyes were flashing with emotion; his face was deadly pale, and yet there was something in his look as he stood out boldly upon the parapet of my battery, that told me that it was not fear that paled his cheek. Though shot and shell came bursting through the darkened air, he stood unmoved like a sea-girt tower amid the storm, gazing city-ward.

"What do you want, G——?" said I, when I heard his voice, and at the same time stepping clear of the recoil of my gun, while the artillery-man advanced with his match to fire it.

"For Heaven's sake, don't fire yet!" shouted he as he sprang from the parapet's front, and glanced along the sight of the gun, then seizing a crow-bar, and with the strength of a Hercules, heaved the breach of the gun to one side, so that the shot that I aimed with care at one of the largest and finest looking buildings in the city, over which waved the national flag of Mexico, would fly wide its mark.

"What mean you by this strange conduct, sir?" said I, sternly, not liking this interference with my orders.

"Wait one instant, till I have fired, and I will explain!" said he, meanwhile sighting the gun. The next moment he snatched the match from the man who stood near him and fired.

Springing upon the parapet to watch the effect of his shot, I saw it dismount and render useless a gun on the enemy's wall, which had annoyed us very much all the morning.

He smiled when he saw my look of gratification at this unexpectedly successful shot, and then, more calmly than he had spoken before, remarked—

"Lieutenant, forgive me for interfering with your duty, but your gun was aimed at a spot which I had come hither to desire you to spare. You see that palace with the flag flying at which you were aiming?"

"I do," I replied, not knowing which way led the drift of his remarks.

"For the love of Heaven spare that house! I care not if every other in the town is blown to atoms, but do not destroy that one!"

"What is your reason, sir?"

"That is the palace of Don Ignato de Corrulla, a noble Castillian, not a Mexican—"

"There are Mexican colors flying on the house top."

"Oh, it is only because he is brave, and he sides with the Mexicans because he resides amongst them now—but you asked my reason for wishing to spare that house. Hear it. My betrothed, Anita de Corrulla, is there! to what danger is she exposed! Lieutenant, do not deny my request—spare that house; think of the agony I must feel in knowing that she, my love, my very life, is there, protected only by walls which crumble at every shot."

"I will, and aim elsewhere," I exclaimed, for indeed I felt for the poor fellow.

"Thank you, dear Ramrod," said he. "I have been to all the batteries but the mortar on the extreme left, and at the risk of being laughed at, have begged all to spare that house: all have promised me to do so, and if, when we storm that place, I can be the first over the walls, and reach the doors before the others, I may yet save her from the fearful perils which now environ her!"

"I hope you may," said I, shuddering as a thought of the fearful excesses which must inevitably occur if we stormed the town; the excesses which the madness of victory and the desire to revenge fallen comrades ever leads even well disciplined soldiers to commit.

Again he warmly thanked me, and turned to go to the battery he had not yet visited. I passed along the line of guns, and directed my men only to aim at the enemy's guns, and especially to spare the house which G—— had pointed out; but what were my feelings, when in the act of pointing it out to one of my gunners, I saw in its place nothing but a cloud of smoke and dust. I knew at once that a bomb had struck it, and from the looks of things, feared the worse for my young naval friend, especially when as the dust and smoke settled I saw the flag gone, a large part of the wall fallen, and the palace a perfect wreck. The bomb had been fired by the mortar battery, which he had failed to reach in time to prevent it.

I continued on in my duty, and a hot time, indeed, we had of it. It was almost painful to see the smoked and sweaty faces of our worn-out men, as they toiled on in the work of destruction; it was sickening to see here and there a ghastly mass of flesh and crushed bones, which, by some huge shot, had been thus transformed from life and beauty; but soldiers must sicken at nothing in times like these.

I saw no more of my young friend G——; yet during this time I had thought of him, and his deep anxiety, and inwardly prayed that for his sake, as well as for the cause of humanity, she was spared. Oh, it was a harrowing thought, as we fired those showers of shell and shot amongst them, that the innocent, feeble and helpless were even in more danger than the garrison soldiers who stood behind their embrasures, and often I fancied, my very heart's blood curdled with the fancy, that I could hear the shrieks of wounded and dying women—that the pitiful cries of poor children were borne down upon the breeze. I could almost see them crushed, mangled, dying, dead! Oh! save me from ever witnessing the bombardment of any inhabited city, at least, if so, let there be none but men within its walls.

When the city had been captured, I entered with the rest who were sent to take formal possession, and found the street which led towards the quay facing the castle, where we were directed to march, led directly past the palace which G—— had pointed out as that of Don Ignatio Corrulla. As I looked upon the blackened walls, I felt a strong anxiety to enter it, and try and find out the fate of G——'s betrothed, and obtained leave for a few minutes from my captain. I hastily entered through the ruined archway, which opened into the court yard, which always centres a Spanish built palace, and saw at a glance that G—— had been before me in his visit. The basin of a large fountain was in the midst, but General Scott had cut off the aqueducts which had supplied the city fountain, and this was dry. By its verge, however, on a broad slab of marble, sat G——, and she in his arms. I paused for an instant, as I saw him and the beautiful form which he held, for I thought it indelicate to advance at that moment, but I could not retreat, and there seemed something so strange in his actions, that I could not well tear myself away. He held her still and motionless in his arms, her long black hair fell in dishevelled masses down upon the cold marble, and over a partly bare and lovely shoulder; and though it seemed she was looking at him, for I could see her large black eyes were open, still she spoke not, but with a fixed and strong gaze he looked down upon her.

I slowly advanced, he could have heard my footsteps, but he raised not his head, he did not seem to care whether friend or foe approached. I bent over him and her. I looked down upon her beautiful face—it was as pale as the marble on which she rested; I gazed in those black eyes; they were lakes of beauty frozen over with the ice of death—open, but not lustrous. I looked down upon her swelling bosom, uncovered by the disarrangement of her dress, and a ghastly wound, of black and horrible roughness, showed how she had died. A piece of the iron shell had cloven a rent in her bosom, through which her soul had sped to a kinder world than this. In one hand she clinched a locket. I looked upon it and recognized the miniature of G——; what a sight was this! So young, so beautiful, loving and beloved—yet gone, gone forever: and in such a way!

I laid my hand upon G——'s shoulder, and spoke to him; then for the first time he looked up, and I saw that in him there was a change almost as great as in her. Pale as death, his eyes fixed and strong in their almost maniac glare, his lips bloodless—cold, big drops of sweat on his pallid brow, oh! who can describe his look! He spoke not—his eye again fell upon her form, than which a lovelier never was pressed to the bosom of man.

I could stand the scene no longer. I rushed forth and joined my company, instantly sending word to two of G——'s messmates where they might find him, and begging them to go to his assistance.

The next day I sent aboard of his ship to inquire after his health, and heard to my sorrow that he was confined to his bed, delirious from a fever, and that feeble hopes were entertained of his recovery.

I learned from one of his shipmates that G—— had become acquainted with Donna Anita on a former cruise, that a mutual love had arisen, been confessed by both parties, and they were to be united at the close of the war.

And this! this is *war!* These are the scenes which the pen of history must record of men who live in the nineteenth century of the existence of that religion which has peace, love and charity for its mottoes and emblems. I know, reader, that this is a poor train of tho't and an inconsistent one for a soldier, but were you to see such scenes as these, you would not wonder that I should almost be willing to exchange the sword and uniform for the gown and prayer book.

[From Noah's Messenger.]

BURIED, BUT NOT DEAD!

When they *were* loyalists, or tories, of the revolution, the Indians were the most inveterate and severe enemies the Americans could meet. They were led on by bold, mercenary, bad men, who thought more of gold than honor, and who fought for the party that paid most. Among these leaders, in the State of New York, was a man named John Doxstader, a descendant, as the cognomen indicates, of a German family, who were traders. In 1779, this Doxstader, with a party of his savage followers, proceeded along the interior with the intention of harrassing and robbing the rebels. In the course of the journey they passed through a place called Ourlagh, where, while seated in an inn refreshing himself, (having left his red companions carousing in a wood hard by,) Doxstader was informed that a chance of a capture of rebels existed. A small company of hardy farmers had been organized, and were to meet that night at the cottage of one of the parties, for the purpose of making out a plan by which to conduct themselves thereafter.

That night, when these poor patriots were debating in fancied security, the Indians, under Doxstader's direction, quietly surrounded the house, and without any indication of their motive, suddenly poured a murderous fire in at the open windows. Taken by surprise, the assailed wretches were utterly powerless. The volley—the yells of the savages—the information conveyed to them, above all the din, that they would be killed, "every one of them"—and a lively indication of the truth of the promise being palpable in the groans of several of their number who lay bleeding and dying, might well render them inert and easy prey. The cottage was at once fired, and of those who did not perish in the flames, or escape, were nine who were taken prisoners. They were carried to the woods and confined by thongs made of the bark of trees. Among these unfortunates was a stout man named Jacob Deifendorff.

"Ha, ha! Jacob," said Doxstader, when he discovered his features by the light of a camp-fire at which the Indians were roasting their feet and their supper, "we have met again, have we?"

"Yes," replied Jacob, in a careless tone, "matters have changed since you and I were together before. I had you in a peculiar situation then."

"I remember it, Jacob, my dear. You tied my legs under the belly of a horse, and beat me with ramrods. Never fear, we'll pay that score. Rest comfortably, Jacob, to-night—you shall have plenty of exercise in the morning."

"Devil take me if I care!" was the sole answer.

"A good night's work!" chuckled Doxstader, repeatedly, as he paced up and down before the fire. And the colloquy ended, although not one of the prisoners nor the captors slept a wink.

As soon as day dawned, Doxstader informed the trembling rebels that he was about to "make arrangements for their disposal." A private conference of very brief duration was held among the conquerors. A tall Indian ended it by briskly stepping out from the body, and seizing one of the prisoners.—Beckoning two others to his assistance, he placed the helpless man against a tree, and made him fast to it. There was no time for remonstrance. Before the intention could be discovered, the tall savage sprang back a few paces and raised his tomahawk. It whizzed through the air, and fell, reddened to the handle. A cry—wild and fearful—arose from among the doomed patriots; and well it might, for they saw their comrade tomahawked, scalped, and butchered to the death. One by one all were treated in the like bloody and barbarous manner.

"So there are nine less for us to contend with!" cried Doxstader, with a hoarse laugh, as they left the bodies in their gore. "We will now proceed to Currietown, where there is other game to be snared. As for you," he continued, spurning the body of Jacob, "you dog, I have had my satisfaction for your treatment to me."

Three hours after this soliloquy was spoken, he who uttered it, with his band, was fifteen miles away.

The dwellers in the region of Ourlagh had heard of these events, of course, for the victims were bound to many of them by ties of consanguinity and by marriage. A search was instituted through the woods, and the mangled bodies were discovered. A crowd of pale men, weeping women, and shrieking children surrounded them.

At last an old man, the father of one of the dead, dissolved the mute spell, and suggested that the ghastly corpses should be consigned to mother earth then and there. The pastor of the vicinity was summoned—hasty graves were dug, for the people feared the return of the murderers—and the bodies were thrown into them just as they (the bodies) were dressed. The trees were then blazed to mark the spot, with signs, too, that spoke of the awful circumstances to the initiated, and the mould loosely thrown in and smoothed off.

Twenty-four hours after this rude burial, Doxstader and his fellow butchers sat, near Currietown, carousing in a rude cabin, constructed of pine boards like a long hall.

It was mid-day. They were two hundred strong, and feared no one. The common rye whiskey of the time and place had done its work partially, and, as drunkenness and strength bring their recklessness and defiance to the wicked, these abandoned and cruel creatures were resigned to those influences. In the midst of their revel they were surprised by a terrible report, which scattered the tenement in which they were to the winds, while many of the tenants were seriously wounded. On the next ensuing minute, a knot of hardy spirits were cutting their way, right and left, among the affrighted Indians. Absolutely propped upon the back of a horse, with an individual behind him to keep him steady, was a stout and gigantic man, who fired his pistols, as fast as his trembling hands would permit, among the howling, dancing savages. This man's head bore a mountain of bandages, the outside portion of which was white linen, which was matched, in color, by his complexion. Doxstader was endeavoring to rally his party, when his eye rested upon this strange figure. With a shriek like that of a startled crow, he began to flee from the scene of strife. The figure urged his horse after him. The chase, being over meadows fenced slightly with limbs of saplings, was unequal. Doxstader ran like a drunken man, staggering hither and yonder, and grasping at the air as if he expected to find support there. The mounted figure uttered no sound, but held two immense pistols for instantaneous use, while his eye never wandered from the fugitive. The horse had nearly reached the dying tory, when the latter appeared to lose all volition, for he shook as if stricken by convulsions, and fell upon his knees.

"Well, Doxstader, we have not had much of a race for it have we?" said the figure, as he was helped to the ground by his attendant. His voice was weak and piping, and he breathed as if it was a task of extreme difficulty.

"Mercy, Jacob!" exclaimed Doxstader, in piteous accents—"Mercy!"

"Yes—I had it from you, eh?" said Deifendorff, (for he it was,) sneeringly.

"Go back to your grave," returned the tory, his face turning the color of lead, with terror—"Why do you appear on earth again?"

Jacob laughed as loudly as his precarious condition would allow, as he answered almost at the same time—"I was tomahawked, scalped, and *buried*, but I *did not die*!"

The tory looked incredulous, but arose to a standing position.

"No," continued Jacob, marking the air of wonder imprinted upon his enemy's face, "in spite of my wounds I revived—was restored to life. Nature, never at a loss in her instincts, taught me to dig my way out of the earth, and I am here. I was not very carefully buried," he remarked, *sotto voce*, "or there would be no retribution for you to feel at this moment."

"It is impossible," stammered the affrighted ruffian.

"Is it? Well, come, down on your knees. It is quite possible that I shall kill you, as you did *me*, according to your own notion."

The tory began to realize the fact, and made a movement towards producing weapons of offence and defence; but Diefendorff drew a line upon him, and bade him desist, in a tone that could not be mistaken.

"Now, pray if you can," exclaimed Jacob, cocking his pistol. "Your Indian friend only stunned me. He did not crack my head, but he took the hair off handsomely. When I recovered, I summoned the boys, and swore to follow you to the death. Now pray! for you die."

"Not if I can help it," suddenly cried Doxstader, restored to his usual hardihood as he aimed a blow at Jacob. He pitched over upon his face with the effort, and never rose again. Jacob had shot him through the head.

A great number of the Indians were slain, and the party returned to Ourlagh fully satisfied with the vengeance they had accomplished.

Incredible as it may seem, Jacob Diefendorff entirely regained his health, and lived fifteen years afterward to tell his story. His descendants are now living at Ourlagh, and exhibit indubitable proofs of the truth of all we have related.

PLOUGH MANUFACTORY.

GARFIELD & HILTON, having had eight years' experience in manufacturing PROUTY & MEARS' *CENTRE DRAFT PLOUGHS &c.*, have located themselves in Augusta, at the foot of Court Street, on Water Street, where they have on hand, and are ready to manufacture to order, *Side-Hill, Sub-Soil, Self-Sharpening, Green-Sward, and Seed PLOUGHS.* Ploughs, on this principle, can be adjusted with facility and ease, and the greatest nicety, both in regard to the depth and width of the furrow. Also, *IMPROVED EXPANDING CULTIVATORS.*

They have on hand every description of *CASTING*, of the best chill'd iron. Also, Seasoned White Oak, selected with care in Massachusetts. They repair every kind of Farming tool. Just received, *Hovey's Patent Spiral Hay, Straw, and Corn-Stalk Cutters.*

Refer to DR. JAMES BATES, at the Insane Hospital, and DR. E. HOLMES, Winthrop.

Augusta, May, 1847. 20

RALPH BUTLER, JR.,

OFFERS FOR SALE AT THE GREEN STORE, opposite the Franklin House, a general assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

Consisting in part of 100 bbls Genesee Flour from new wheat, 20 hhds Trinidad Molasses, 6000 lbs H. White and Brown Sugars, 2000 lbs P R Sugar of superior quality, 30 chests and packages of Tea, 60 qts of Cod and Pollock, 40 tubs of good Dairy Butter, 1000 lbs Java, Rio and Porto Cabello Coffee, 10 bbls No 1 Mackerel, clear and mess Pork; also, Jones', Grant's, Mertin's, Russell's, and Robinson's Tobacco.

N. B. Cash paid for Grass Seed and Lumber by November 9th, 1847. 45 R. B. JR.

IRON WORKS.

HOLMES & ROBBINS, having rebuilt and enlarged their *IRON FOUNDRY*, are now ready to furnish CASTINGS of all kinds at short notice.

Their *FORGE* and *MACHINE SHOP* are now in operation, where about every kind of *SHAPE* and *MACHINERY* can be had on favorable terms.

Particular attention given to *SHIP* and *MILL WORK PATTERNS* furnished, in most cases, without charge to customers.

The following are some of the articles manufactured by them, viz:—FOR VESSELS.—Windlass Purchases, Windlass Necks, Capstan Spindles, Truss Arms, Iron Knees, Quarter Blocks, Sheives; Belaying Rails, Pins and Chocks, and all kinds of Shapes for Truss Hoops, Clamps for Screws, &c.

FOR MILLS.—Water Wheels, Shafting Gears, Gudgeons, both Wing and Plate, Iron Buckets, Cranks, Rims, Boxes and many smaller articles, such as Saw Arbors, Stirrup Screws, Boxes for the Eyes of Mill Stones, Turning Laths Irons, &c.

Also, Hubs for Carts and Wagons, Boxes, Plow Castings, Fire Frames, Fire Dogs, Cultivator Teeth, and every kind of Casting or Wrought Iron Shape, wanted for Agriculture, Ship Building and Machinery.

Agents.—JONES & HAMMOND, Portland; KENDALL & RICHARDSON, Bath; WM. HITCHCOCK & Co., Newcastle.

WANTED—10 or 15,000 bushels good Hemlock or Pine COAL, for which CASH will be paid.

Gardiner, Nov. 20, 1846, 52

Crockery and Glass Ware.

J. D. PIERCE is now opening his Fall Stock of Crockery and Glass Ware, embracing all the new shapes and latest patterns, together with a large assortment of FURNITURE, Feathers, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Knives and Forks, &c. &c., which will be sold at the lowest prices. 37 Augusta, September 10, 1847.

DR. WARRENS'

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO AND WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS, *at 50 cents per bottle.* Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters have now become a standard medicine, universally approved by Physicians, as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scrofulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous diseases;* Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Bad Humors, Eruptions on the Face or Body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, Chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those diseases which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

The extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is *speedy and permanent.*

As a Spring medicine for purifying the blood, strengthening the stomach and body, and checking all consumptive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivaled.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the *Magasin de Sante*, (Magazine of Health,) 130 *Washington street, Boston*, General Agency for Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, Upham's Pile Electuary, Bradlee's Purifying and Preserving Pills, Dr. Jackson's Infallible Eradicator, Bradlee's New England Hair Restorative, Bradlee's Superior Cologne Water, &c.

Also, as above, all the *Popular Medicines* in general use, *pure and genuine*, at the lowest possible prices.

AGENTS—*Augusta*, J. E. LADD, and S. S. BROOKS; *Hallowell*, B. Wales, and S. Page & Co.; *Gardiner*, H. Smith, and G. M. Atwood; *Bath*, A. G. Page; *Belfast*, Washburn & Jordan; *Bangor*, G. W. Ladd; *Norridgewock*, Blunt & Turner; *Norway*, Hall & Dow, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1y28

Rockingham Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

EXETER, N. H.

THIS office continues to insure dwelling houses, barns, stores, and other buildings; also merchandize and personal property generally, at the usual rates. The amount of Premium Notes, constituting the capital of the company, exceeds $400,000.

No property considered *hazardous* is now insured by the Office, and no more than $2000 is now taken in any one risk. By order of the Directors.

JOS. P. DILLINGHAM, Agent.

Augusta, Feb. 20, 1846. 28

FLOUR—A few bbls. extra, just received and for sale by 41 B. LIBBY & CO.

10,000 lbs. NEW YORK & SAUGERTIES GROUND WHITE LEAD.

THIS DAY RECEIVED, per brig James Marshall, 225 packages of the above Lead, direct from the Factory, *fresh*, and *warranted* to be a superior article, for sale by October 11. DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

BOSTON PURE LEAD.—A fresh lot of the above prime Lead, for sale low by COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

Office at the Bookstore of Edward Fenno, Arch Row.

COFFEE, Roasted and Ground, for sale by 22 B. LIBBY & CO.

CURRIERS' OIL, for sale by 41 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Kennebec Tailoring Establishment.

JAMES DEALY, TAILOR,

WOULD respectfully inform his old friends and customers that he has again resumed business on his own account, at the store recently occupied by REUBEN PARTRIDGE, *Two Doors North of the Granite Bank, Water Street*, and takes this opportunity to tender to them his kind thanks for former favors, when doing business for himself, and the renewed and extensive patronage he has received while carrying on the Tailoring Business for CALDWELL & Co. He still flatters himself that, with renewed efforts on his part, and strict attention to all the various branches of the trade, he will continue to deserve the patronage of the lovers of good taste, the admirers of industry, and above all, of those who are and expect others to be, punctual to their engagements. J. D. will keep constantly on hand, as above,

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, and Vestings,

of the best and most approved styles and qualities, with all other articles usually found, to make up the gentleman's toilet.

He will attend strictly to the *CUTTING* and fitting up of all garments made in his shop, and will keep none in his employ but the best of mechanics; and by such arrangement he feels confident he can give unrivaled satisfaction.

☞ J. D. wishes to employ 10 or 12 first rate Coat Makers, (and none others need apply,) to whom good wages will be paid, as good and faithful work deserves.—Also, one or two young ladies, wishing to learn the trade, will find an available opportunity.

P. S. Particular attention paid to Cutting Garments to be made out of the shop, and good fits warranted without reserve when made by experienced hands.

Augusta, October, 1847 40tf

PLASTER OF PARIS.

PRICE REDUCED.—The Public are informed that a new *Plaster Mill* has been erected in Gardiner, near the Lower Bridge, with improved machinery, by means of which *Ground Plaster* can be afforded at a much lower price than heretofore.

Plaster of the best quality kept constantly on hand, ground at 20 cents per bushel, by JOSIAH MAXCY.

Enquire at the Plaster Mill, or Grist Mill opposite.

Gardiner, October, 1847. 13w40

COAL!

A PRIME LOT of PICTOU FINE COAL, just received and for sale by the chaldron or single bushel, by J. & E. DAVIS & CO.,

38tf No. 4, North's Block.

THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN BOSTON!—For years the first and ONLY HOUSE which has adhered to that Popular System of

Low Prices for Gentlemen's Clothing.

Is that widely known and universally celebrated CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

OAK HALL!!

GEORGE W. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

The excellence of the plan which he *originally* designed and which has been by him so successfully prosecuted, is not only APPRECIATED BY THE PUBLIC, but to some extent approved by the Trade—at least so far as the *imitations* lately introduced give evidence of their approbation of the only true and perfect system, which ENSURES to BUYERS every description of *Gentlemen's Clothing, at the Lowest Scale of Prices!*

The Elegant Display of Goods at SIMMONS' OAK HALL, embracing the Latest Importations from LONDON and PARIS, are manufactured under his own personal superintendence and direction; and affords to Gentlemen who would save upon old prices, full 30 to 40 per cent. in the purchase of a good Suit of Clothes *WELL CUT and WEL